The Outlook

JULY 5, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR:
THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE

As the fighting on the various fronts in Europe develops to its high summer activity, it is more and more apparent that the several offensives undertaken by the Allies are not sporadic outbursts here and there, but that a unity of plan prevails; that a system of campaign has been determined on at the repeated conferences of military and governmental authorities in Paris. Probably the Paris "Matin" is right in saying, "The hour of action for the Allies is here; attacks succeed defense on many fronts." Thus, just as the Russian offensive in Galicia and the Bukowina is checked to some extent by German reinforcements to the Austrians (especially in the region of Kovel), promptly comes the Italian counter-attack on the Austrians in the Trentino. As the fighting at Verdun shows renewed fierceness on the part of the Germans and slow yielding inch by inch by the French, comes the news of great activity on the British lines, now stretching from the Somme to the North Sea. In short, Russians, French, Italians, and British are *alternately* attacking. It is not a rash conjecture to say that the generals of the Allies believe that this pounding on different parts of the lines is what will most worry the Germans, whose forces may be worn out as they are driven from the support of one position to the support of another in turn.

The counter-attack of the Italians in the Trentino has been powerful, persistent, and effective, although the Italians have not yet regained anything like all the ground occupied by the Austrians in their southern drive. The fact that Italy has retaken the important towns of Asiago and Arsiero in itself indicates that the move is serious. The Italians have driven forward on a twenty-five-mile front, and the Austrians, who undertook their great forward movement with some three hundred thousand men, have probably been weakened by the necessity of supporting the Austrian line in the east against General Brusiloff. So the weight of the combat swings from one line to another; and it is fair to add that, while Russia has made a pretty clean sweep in the Bukowina, has driven the Austrians back to the Carpathians, and, according to the Russian War Office, is approaching the Transylvanian passes, the German forces under General von Linsingen have so strengthened the Austrian line in the northern part of this field of fighting that the Russians have made little or no progress in their great objectives aimed at Kovel and Lemberg.

As to the British activity, military experts differ as to the intent and seriousness of it. On June 26 London despatches reported a strong offensive by the British, with heavy bombardments, and asserted that the infantry had penetrated German lines at ten different points in night raids; in this fighting six enemy observation balloons were brought down. Even German despatches go so far as to describe "important fighting activity" on the British front. As we write, there seems to have been a lull in this direction, but very likely it may be the lull before the storm.

A CRISIS AT VERDUN

The recent fighting at Verdun has been almost unparalleled in fierceness, even by former German drives there. The capture of the French lines at Thiaumont and the occupation of all or part of the village of Fleury by the Germans are pretty serious dents in the French defense, and may very possibly mean such a driving in of the German wedge as to make the abandonment of the Verdun sector by the French necessary. But at what a price is this success gained! One French report pictures the three days' attack at Thiaumont as having been carried on by one hundred thousand Germans on a three-mile front following the usual artillery deluge, in which the German guns were lined up wheel to wheel. When the final assault was made by the Germans, the massed formation was so close that observers say that the French could not see any bare ground. The German

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soldiers were mowed down by the machine guns and 75's with "indescribable massacre." The struggle for Fleury was also savagely contested, the Germans gaining part of the town only after the sacrifice of thousands. A glance at any detailed map will show that the Thiaumont farm and road and the village of Fleury are southwest of Douaumont and Vaux, and are not only much closer in direct distance from the town of Verdun than any other position occupied by the Germans, but are only a bare mile from comparatively level country through which go the main roads running from Verdun north.

The Verdun combat entered upon its eighteenth week on June 26, and the duration and fierceness of the fight are marvelous. No military critic can see, from the cold-blooded, scientific point of view, any such possible gain to the Germans in wiping out the curve in the general line made by the Verdun sector as would be comparable with the terrible loss incurred in men and munitions—terrible not only absolutely, but relatively to the French loss. The German object at Verdun is really the great mystery of the war. Half a dozen theories have been adduced—some political, as for the effect on the German people, and some tactical; perhaps the best tactical theory is that the Germans hoped to apply the well-known idea that "the best way to defend is to attack," and thought that the Verdun drive would hinder, embarrass, and check all the Allies' plans for a general offensive and thereby at least prolong the war.

GREECE SUBMITS

Recent despatches from Athens state that King Constantine has yielded unconditionally to the joint demands of Great Britain, France, and Russia. These demands, in brief, were:

Complete general demobilization of the Greek army.

Removal of the Chief of Police of Athens.

Popular pro-Entente sentiment not to be suppressed by the authorities.

Deportation of agents who are spreading German propaganda.

The Greek Cabinet under Premier Skouloudis had already resigned, and the political situation was impossible. One reason for the pressure thus brought to bear upon the Greek King—note that it is upon the *King* rather than the *people* of Greece—was the repeated rumor that the King had given his tacit consent to the recent invasion of Greece by the Bulgarians. This supports the contention that the Allies' action is not in violation of Greek neutrality, but in preservation of that neutrality. Once more the comparison of the treatment of Greece by the Allies with the treatment of Belgium by Germany comes up. The nearer parallel would be if Russia on one side or Austria on the other were to throw its troops into Rumania against Rumania's consent. Neither of these things is likely to happen; but, as matters stand now, such an action would constitute the violation of neutrality of a smaller state. Greece, on the other hand, flirted, so to speak, with both sides, never seriously resenting and never at all resisting the landing of the Allies at Salonika. And King Constantine, instead of resisting foreign entry into Greece and leading his people in battle against such entrance, as did King Albert of Belgium, has played politics to the limit, has deceived the Allies diplomatically, and has thwarted the will of his own people. A writer in the New York "Times" well says:

The coercion of Greek neutrality by the Allied Powers consists in delivering the Government of Greece into the hands of the people. If there is detected any color of similarity between such treatment of Greece by England, France, and Russia, her protectors, and that of Belgium by the Germans, Heaven save the human reason! Belgium lies prostrate. Greece is rescued from a Government that had been willing to deliver its people into hands that tear up treaties and smash neutrality for getting in the way.

A RÉSUMÉ OF RECENT MEXICAN HISTORY

It is worth while refreshing the memory with a condensed review of the recent events in Mexican and American history that have immediately led up to the present strained situation.

On March 9, 1916, nineteen Americans were killed and about twenty wounded in a raid on Columbus, New Mexico, by Mexican bandits, supposedly led by General Villa.

On March 15 an American column under General Pershing crossed the border in pursuit of the raiders. It was generally understood by the American public that this incursion was made with the consent of the Carranza Government, that the Mexican *de facto* Government would co-operate with the United States in the bandit hunt, and that the American troops would be withdrawn as soon as

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the marauders who had attacked Columbus were killed or captured. In fact, an official American statement declared that Pershing's force would have "the single object of capturing him (Villa) and putting a stop to his forays."

On April 19 General Pershing's expedition reached its "farthest south" by the arrival of two troops of the Thirteenth Cavalry at Parral, about four hundred miles from the border by the twisting American trail, where they were ambushed by Carranzista soldiers and townsmen and forced to retreat, with a loss of two killed and seven wounded. This virtually ended the pursuit of Villa by the Americans, and led to the despatch of heavy reinforcements to General Pershing and a general contraction of his lines. Within a few days after this ambuscade the advance base of the American column was at Namiquipa, only two hundred miles into Mexico as the American communications lay.

On April 29 conferences began at Juarez, Mexico, and El Paso, Texas, between General Alvaro Obregon, representing Carranza, and Generals Scott and Funston, representing the United States.

On May 5 Mexicans raided the "Big Bend" district of Texas, killing six or seven Americans.

On May 11 the conferences at Juarez and El Paso were discontinued, with no substantial agreement reached. About the same time American cavalrymen captured fourteen Mexicans alleged to have taken part in the raid on Glen Springs in the "Big Bend" district, and a little later other cavalrymen killed a number of the companions of these captured bandits.

On May 31 the American Government received a note from the Carranza Government stating that the Pershing expedition had gone into Mexico without the consent of Carranza, and asking for "the immediate withdrawal of American troops which are now in Mexican territory."

On June 11 Mexicans raided an American ranch near Laredo, Texas, with the result that sixteen hundred American regulars were drawn from the Engineer Corps of the Coast Artillery to further reinforce the defenses of our border.

During the week of June 14 to 21 Texas soil was twice again raided by Mexicans. President Wilson's summons to the militia of all States, except the three border States already called, resulted, on June 18. Sixteen war-ships were sent to watch Mexican ports. On June 20 the President's reply to Carranza's demand for the withdrawal of our troops was issued. This demand the American Government refused, and, while admitting "that American troops had crossed the international boundary in hot pursuit of the Columbus raiders, and without notice to or the consent of your Government," served notice that any attempt of the *de facto* Government to expel the American soldiers by force would be followed by "the gravest consequences."

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE WEEK

With matters in this delicate shape occurred the battle at Carrizal, Chihuahua, which may be written into our history in as large type as is the destruction of the Maine. Carrizal is a little town on the Mexican Central Railroad, about eighty miles below Juarez. Perhaps, like the details of the disaster to the Maine, the details of this fight between two troops of the Tenth Cavalry and a larger force of Mexican soldiers will never be entirely clear. Only the following essential facts are known as we go to press:

The two troops of Negro cavalry approached Carrizal from the west. Troop C was commanded by Captain Charles T. Boyd, and Troop K by Captain Lewis S. Morey. As senior officer, Captain Boyd was in command of the whole force. About a mile from Carrizal Captain Boyd sent a courier to ask the Carranzista commander for permission to pass through the streets of the town. The permission was refused. Then a messenger arrived from the Carranza commander, General Felix Gomez, with word that the Americans might pass through the town if they would stop to confer with General Gomez on their way. Before they could act on this suggestion, however, General Gomez himself arrived and conferred with Captain Boyd. While this conference was going on the Americans noticed Mexicans coming out from the town and taking positions ahead and on each flank of the Americans. Apparently General Gomez was on his way back to his own men when they opened fire on the Americans. Captain Morey's note, written as he lay wounded in a ditch, is indefinite on this point, but he says that Captain Boyd "feared an ambush," and "was under the impression that the Mexicans would run as soon as we fired."

The single piece of evidence that makes

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the principal weakness in the American case is Captain Morey's statement that the Americans planned to take the aggressive. His note says: "We formed for attack, his [Captain Boyd's] intention being to move up to the line of about one hundred and twenty Mexicans on the edge of the town. . . . When we were within three hundred yards, the Mexicans opened fire, and a strong one, before we fired a shot; then we opened up."

The result of the fight was the defeat of the Americans, who were apparently outnumbered by the Mexicans. The use of machine guns by the enemy played an important part in the result. Captain Boyd, Lieutenant Henry Adair, and at least eleven troopers are known to have been killed, although the list of dead may later prove to be greater, and twenty-four American prisoners were taken to the penitentiary in Chihuahua City.

In the meantime the American militia has been mobilizing, and as this is written already several thousand citizen soldiers have gone to the border. This militia mobilization is described elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook in an article entitled "Our Citizens in Arms."

As we go to press it is reported that President Wilson has demanded the immediate release of the twenty-four Americans imprisoned in Chihuahua City; and that Carranza, acceding to the demand, has sent the prisoners toward the border.

The latest outrage to be added to the long list of Mexican atrocities perpetrated against Americans is the killing of Mr. William Parker and his bride, Mrs. Alice Parker, on their ranch near Hachita, New Mexico. A posse of soldiers and citizens went in pursuit of the bandits who committed this brutal crime, but lost the trail before reaching the border.

THE EXTRA-MILITARY ARMY OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

America may be proud to possess a volunteer army for which no special training is needed and in which there are no officers. The army consists wholly of employers, and of those employers who want to defend their employees, called to the front, against anxiety regarding their dependent families. The army is large. It consists of about five hundred units already—that is, counting a business firm or company as a unit. But, as a firm or company is composed of individuals, and sometimes of many individuals, there are thousands in the ranks of what one may call the Extra-Military Army of United States Volunteers.

There is good reason for such an army. Many employees have left tasks in which they were making comfortable livings to answer their country's call, and some of these employees have been able to save hardly anything for the families dependent upon them for support. Thus at this juncture the employers come forward—such employers as the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Century Company and Collier's Weekly, the Consolidated Gas Company, the Edison Company, the German-American Insurance Company, the Hammond and the Mergenthaler Typewriting Companies, J. P. Morgan & Co., the National Lead Company, the National Surety Company, the National Cloak and Suit Company, the Royal Baking Powder Company, the New York Central and Southern Pacific Railway Companies, the Westinghouse and Western Electric Companies, and the Schaefer Brewing Company. With regard to the last named, it has not only granted full pay, but has also made a cash present to each guardsman in its employ.

Other companies, such as the Southern Pacific, make interesting divisions, as, for instance, full pay to married privates; three-quarters to full pay to unmarried privates; half-pay to unmarried privates without dependent families; and to married officers the entire loss in full average pay incurred by being in army service—in other words, the difference between company and Government rates of pay; while unmarried officers with dependent families get three-quarters full average pay and unmarried officers without dependent families half-pay. Then there is the time limit to be considered. The National Lead and Westinghouse Companies, for instance, will pay till January first; other companies, such as the Schaefer Brewing Company, will pay for as long a time as their men are in military service.

As the statement has been published that the Ford Motor Company employees enlisting in the National Guard would be discharged, we are glad to note a prompt denial telegraphed to the New York "Times" by Mr. Henry Ford, who adds: "When the men who have enlisted return, their old positions will be open for them, and they will be treated as though they had not left our employ."

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COMMENCEMENT NOTES

At Brown University Mr. Hughes was the chief center of interest. Declining a platform seat, he sat with his classmates of 1881. Called up to speak, he referred admiringly to the influence of his college President, Ezekiel Robinson, as "a man whom nothing could swerve from what he thought right." He repeated what he had then felt about "Old Zeke:" "There is a man who will mean to us our redemption and success if we can emulate and in some degree achieve his firmness and resolution and catch the clearness of his vision." When the cheering subsided, he added: "I am just a Brown boy trying to do my duty."

Harvard's commencement exercises were held for the first time in its spacious Stadium. President Lowell's address spoke of the readiness of Harvard men to serve their country as evidenced in their spontaneous formation of the Harvard Regiment. He expected that Harvard will soon be able to turn out each year men capable of accepting commissions in an army of volunteers. "No sane man," said he, "will deny that we are a short-sighted people, and do not recognize a pestilence until it is on us. We lack vision. The Nation has a right to turn to its institutions of higher learning, which are in verity the eyes of the Nation."

At Yale President Hadley's usual baccalaureate sermon, preached as in old times from a text of Scripture, urged the pursuit of moral ideals as the path to real success. This he presented as the burden of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount and the basis of all real virtue. "It requires," said he, "self-restraint and self-devotion. We must first prepare ourselves to set an example of this. We must also make it clear to others that the same personal responsibility rests on them. We must not yield to the fatal temptation to flatter democracy, but must be ready to suffer abuse for our unwillingness to trust short cuts to righteousness. Leadership is not worth having through sacrifice of intellectual straightforwardness. And we must believe in humanity even when it deserts us. Faith in man, faith in the truth, faith in God, are different names for the same thing. Whoso keeps one has kept all, and secured the best thing life has to offer."

New graduates of Yale and Harvard khaki-clad among their black-gowned classmates demonstrated the readiness of these sister universities to respond to the Nation's call to service. So did the pitched tents and artillery of the Yale Battery. Responsiveness to remoter needs appeared in the contingent soon to reinforce Yale-in-China. A college now ten years old, whose heads are consulted by Chinese officials on all sorts of questions, it was warmly eulogized both by ex-President Taft and the Chinese Minister, Dr. Koo.

Governor Whitman, of New York, addressed the graduating class of Smith College on the responsibility of women as well as men in the present world crisis. "Civilization," said he, "has not progressed to the point where the safety of a nation and its institutions can be guaranteed by a moral precept. Our preparedness must be social as well as military. The big questions of to-day are social, and are nothing but mothering on a large scale. There is no virtue in emotionalism that is not expressed in action."

Some large gifts have been received this year. Williams has raised practically the whole of a first endowment of a million. Harvard announced gifts aggregating over $1,300,000, and Yale a total of over $1,700,000.

Among the notable honorary degrees conferred this year, in addition to those mentioned last week, were: Franklin Lane, H. C. Hoover, and Brand Whitlock (Brown, LL.D.); Joseph H. Choate and Governor McCall (Columbia and Williams, LL.D.); George Hodges and Henry Churchill King (Harvard, D.D.); Police Commissioner Arthur Woods (Harvard, M.A.); Governor Charles S. Whitman (Williams, LL.D.); Katharine Lee Bates (Wesleyan, LL.D); K. W. Koo and Simeon E. Baldwin (Yale, LL.D.); John Jay Chapman (Yale, Litt.D.); W. C. Brownell (Amherst, LL.D.); E. M. Hopkins, the new President of Dartmouth (Amherst, Litt.D.); Herbert Adams, the sculptor (Yale, M.A.); and John Singer Sargent (Yale, LL.D.; and Harvard, Doctor of Arts). Portraits of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Adams are to be found on another page.

COLLEGE ROWING

When "college rowing" is mentioned, many college men and a good many of the non-college public think at once of the classic annual Harvard-Yale contest. But, as a matter of fact, the annual regatta at Poughkeepsie, in which Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, and often one or two other universities settle their supremacy with the

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sweep, is, as a rule, a more spectacular contest than the Harvard-Yale race, and usually produces better rowing.

This year Syracuse won every race rowed, and defeated Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, in the order named, on the Hudson. Both Princeton and Harvard, two crews that did not row at Poughkeepsie, have records to demand attention. Princeton scored victories over Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. The fact that Princeton beat Harvard, while Harvard defeated Cornell—the crew that pressed Syracuse so hard for first honors at Poughkeepsie—makes one wish that the Tiger and Crimson eights might have pulled in that grueling race on the Hudson. Cornell's victory over Princeton on Lake Cayuga shows how difficult it is to "rate" crews on the record of their races.

Mr. Constance Titus, retired amateur champion of sweeps and sculls, and a rowing expert of high authority, gives us his estimate of the Eastern college crews by placing them in the following order: Syracuse, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Annapolis, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Yale.

Harvard's victory over Yale at New London was expected, in view of the preliminary season records of the two crews. Yale, however, surprised a good many "experts" by rowing as well as she did, for, though beaten by three and a half lengths, the Yale crew stuck close to Harvard during the first part of the race, and undoubtedly this early forcing was instrumental in the lowering of the old record by the Crimson. Harvard's margin of improvement over the old record which was made by Bob Cook's Yale crew in 1888 was eight seconds.

This result of the race on the Thames has been heralded by some critics as a proof of the inferiority of the modified English stroke used by the Yale crew. But this conclusion seems unjustified without further evidence, inasmuch as last year, with the same stroke, Yale beat Harvard. Yale and Harvard have now rowed fifty races, and each has won twenty-five.

Every rowing man, whatever his Alma Mater, will regret the passing of Charles E. Courtney, the "Grand Old Man" of Cornell aquatics. For Courtney's sake, many who held no grudge against Syracuse hoped for a Cornell victory on the Hudson this year, for it was the "Old Man's" last year in harness. Courtney suffered a fracture of the skull just before the Poughkeepsie regatta of 1915, and this year was forced to watch the race from the bank with a trained nurse by his side. No more will he lift to his lips the old red megaphone through which more than a generation of Cornellians have learned of rowing about all that there is to know. Since the formation of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association in 1895 Courtney's crews have won fourteen of the twenty-two races.

COLLEGE BASEBALL

It is useless to try to pick the champion among the college baseball teams of the East. Columbia, Tufts, Harvard, and Syracuse were the leaders, and the supporters of all of them have ample reason to be proud. Inasmuch as there was only one meeting among these four notable contenders—and that was the eleven-inning game in which Harvard beat Tufts 4 to 3—there are no data by which it is fair to declare any one of the four the best. On a pure basis of percentage, Columbia ranks the highest, having won eighteen games, tied one, and lost one—to Cornell.

Out of twenty-two games played Tufts was defeated only by Harvard and Bowdoin, while the Crimson, in twenty-five games, was tied once but was defeated only by Brown, Boston College, and the American Catholic University. Syracuse played twenty-two games and won nineteen. Harvard's two baseball victories over Yale make it a banner year for the Cambridge men, who in the college year just ended have won three of the so-called four major sports from the Elis—football, baseball, and rowing. Yale won the dual track meet.

Standing out among the really remarkable achievements in college baseball this year are the pitching of George Smith, of Columbia, and Whittaker, of Tufts, and the heavy batting of the Tufts boys. The greatest feat of Smith was achieved in his last five games, when he allowed his opponents only twelve hits, struck out seventy-four men, and was scored on only once. Tufts compiled the remarkable team batting average of 315, which means that on an average every man on the team got a safe hit out of about every three times at bat. But the batting of Leland, the Tufts' right fielder, was little short of phenomenal. This youth's batting average was .436. In other words, almost every other time that he faced the pitcher he got to first base simply and solely by virtue of his skill with the ash.

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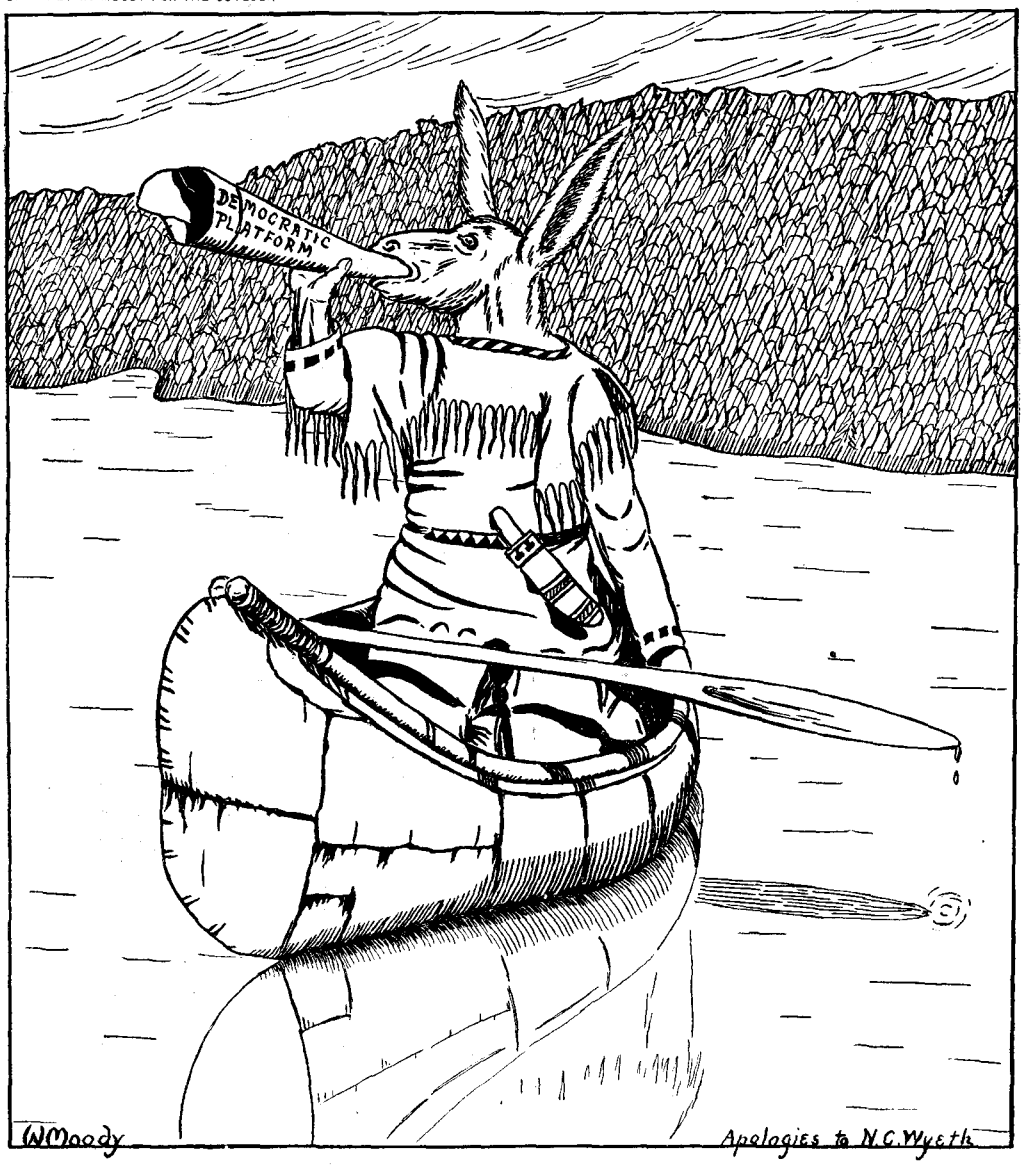
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

DRAWN BY W. MOODY FOR THE OUTLOOK



"THE MOOSE CALL"

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) Morning News

WHEN WILL HIS EMANCIPATION DAY COME?

Carter in the New York Evening Sun

Uncle Sam: "It won't take long to lick him, but then I'll have to nurse him back to health."

THE MEXICAN—HOW CAN WE HELP HIM?

Wood in the London Sketch

THE UTILITY MAN

The Business Man (*to applicant for a situation*): "Yes, we're short-handed, but what use do you think you'd be in an office?"

The Applicant: "Well, Guv'ner, I'm wot yer might call a orl-round useful sort o' man—light a match for yer; 'old a door open; ring ther bell for ther lift; look an' see if it's left off raining; and tell people yer out when you ain't."

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"NOBODY LOVES ME!"

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DARTMOUTH'S NEW PRESIDENT

College presidents are no longer selected solely from the so-called professional ranks. The new President of Dartmouth comes to his office from a life very far removed from that of the theologian or scholastic recluse, formerly the typical college president. Ernest Martin Hopkins has been engaged since his graduation from Dartmouth in 1901 part of the time in academic life and part of the time in wrestling with the most complex of modern industrial problems—the problem of the relation of employer and employee.

Dartmouth itself in recent years has illustrated the wide variation in vocations from which men are called to the college presidency. Mr. Hopkins's immediate predecessor, Ernest Fox Nichols, did not even have the Arts degree. He gained his eminence in the field of pure science, particularly by measuring planetary light and heat. Mr. Nichols's immediate predecessor, on the other hand, was Dr. Tucker, who, though a writer on social and economic questions, was, when he became president, primarily a clergyman, a preacher, a theologian. In contrast to both of these, Mr. Hopkins has gained his experience in the world of business and manufacture. It is, however, not on the material but on the human side of business and industry that he has been active.

After his graduation from Dartmouth Mr. Hopkins was appointed secretary to President Tucker, and for eight years had experience in academic life on the executive and administrative side. In 1910 he undertook a new line of work, but not as different from his former experience as it might at first seem. He associated himself as staff worker with various corporations—among them the Western Electric Company and the Bell Telephone System. He was among the first to interpret the functions of the employment manager, and helped to found the Association of Employment Managers in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. Such a problem, for instance, as that of the relation of labor unions to efficient production is one that may be treated theoretically in books or practically by the management of an industrial plant. It is the practical side of such questions with which Mr. Hopkins has been dealing. The arbitrary discharge of an employee—to cite another instance—has usually been left in the power of department heads. To replace this by a scientific study of the causes for discharging employees, and to substitute a rational, systematic method for the arbitrary will of a foreman, has been the sort of problem with which Mr. Hopkins has dealt.

This work on the human side of industry and business involves an educational process. It is just as much educational as the executive work connected with a university, and, indeed, calls for some of the methods of the university laboratory and class-room. Mr. Hopkins's experience, therefore, may be said to be directly in the line of the duties which he is now called upon to perform.

As can be told from the photograph reproduced on another page, Mr. Hopkins is a young man. He is not yet forty years of age. He has been a loyal son of Dartmouth, and particularly active in alumni affairs. He founded the "Dartmouth Alumni Magazine," and for some time was its editor. He believes more in the importance of "the method of the curriculum" than its content, to use his own phrase, or, to put it more colloquially, he believes that the way a subject is taught is more important than the subject itself. He has been a special student in vocational training and vocational guidance.

The selection of such a man illustrates not only the broadening of the American college, but also the broadening of the spirit of American business and industry. The barriers that used to be so firm between trade and science and the so-called professions are disappearing. The mellowing effect of the "humanities" is to be seen in business and in science, and the influence of business and of science in the direction of reality and exactitude is evident in those circles that once were regarded as safely and serenely academic.

MAYOR MITCHEL AND THE CHILDREN

In his struggle to secure protection and good care for the children committed by the city to various charitable institutions, Mayor Mitchel, of New York City, has been receiving the support of substantial and influential citizens of various faiths. As our readers know, the Mayor's efforts to investigate conditions in these institutions have been vigorously opposed by certain men connected directly or indirectly with some of these institutions, and by certain members of the State Board of Charities. Testimony concerning some of the abuses in these institutions, Protestant as well as Catholic, was brought out at hearings before a com-

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missioner appointed by the Governor of the State.

As a result of the testimony at these hearings, Mayor Mitchel has laid a formal complaint before the District Attorney of New York County. The Mayor and his Police Commissioner hold that, in the course of the opposition to the investigation and reform of the institutions which housed some of the city's dependent children, certain breaches of the criminal law have been committed. Inasmuch as Grand Jury proceedings are secret, the District Attorney made an effort to find a judge before whom the matter could be laid openly and who would be acceptable to both parties. Unable to find such a judge, he laid the matter before Justice John Proctor Clarke, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, who designated Justice Greenbaum, of the Supreme Court, to sit as judge in this matter to hear the Mayor's case. This, we are informed, is the only formal complaint in the matter that has been laid before the District Attorney.

In the meantime, as we have said, the Mayor has received letters and other expressions of confidence in him and many pledges of support for his brave course.

ADVERTISING MEN IN CONVENTION

Last week and the week before, in Philadelphia, the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World met in their twelfth Convention. Their principal meetings were held in the Metropolitan Opera-House and in the Commercial Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. In addition there were departmental sessions at the University.

The sight of advertising men on university grounds would have seemed strange to academic minds of former days; but the modern conception of business and the modern conception of the university meet on common ground. Indeed, the President of the Associated Advertising Clubs, Mr. Houston, has received an honorary degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Lord Melbourne's indignation, which he expressed as he stalked out of a church in the midst of a very practical ethical sermon, because religion was allowed to invade the sphere of private life, is hardly more antiquated than is astonishment at the idea that intellectual standards should invade the sphere of business.

Advertising has become recognized as an essential element in modern life. Without it industry could not continue. One of the results that the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World has helped to bring about is the practically universal recognition of the fact that advertising is essential to the merchandising of goods, and that it is useless to make things for sale unless there is some systematic and intelligent way of letting the consumer know how things may be obtained.

More than that, these Clubs have made it clear that it is of no use to advertise a product unless that product is a good product of its kind. Advertising will not sell that which of itself has no merit. And so the advertising agencies and advertising men have been influences for better production and better products.

In turn, the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have laid emphasis, particularly in the last two or three years, upon the necessity of truthfulness in advertising. Not only must the goods themselves that are advertised be meritorious, but what is said about them in advertisements must be said in good faith.

It is a highly significant fact that advertising, which not so very many years ago had to bear the opprobrium resulting from practices that were fanciful and sensational and in disregard of truth or good faith, has now become one of the forces for ethical progress in business.

IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

A few days ago a young American gave his life to the cause of France and her allies. He was in a military aeroplane over the German lines, and was shot.

Those who are living aloof from the European war, considering it only a huge game played with the lives of men by "blood-bespattered monarchs," may think of this young man as an adventurer, a soldier of fortune, who has merely paid the price for enjoying the thrill of combat. If there are any such, let them give heed to this incident, which we can vouch for.

That young man's father was in Germany at the outbreak of the European war. With scores and hundreds of other Americans he found his way to London. There he appeared in a hotel in the golfing costume he had on when the news of war came to him. The sights he had seen on his way, the brutal efficiency of that German military machine, the sense of oppression and denial of liberty, had outraged all his instincts as an American

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freeman, and when he reached English soil he felt himself liberated. There one of the staff of The Outlook met him and heard from his lips the story of a conversation he had had with one of his kinswomen in Germany, several of whose sons were in the German army. Just before the outbreak of the war he had been talking with her about German education, and had said to her: "The trouble with education in Germany is that it kills individual initiative; it destroys the power of a young man to think for himself." And his kinswoman replied, "Why should a young man think for himself? I crave nothing better for my sons than that they should lose themselves in the thought of the Empire."

That sacrifice of the individual's mind, the individual's heart, the individual's conscience, to the necessity or to the ambition of the state was to this man's mind intolerable, and when war broke out he wanted to reach as soon as possible some place where liberty still prevailed.

Now that man's son has died for France and her allies.

A SCHOOL OF HEALTH

Among the men and women of a community those who are to promote public health must be experts in that field. Now, as a matter of fact, cities and States have experienced great difficulty in finding men equipped for promoting public health, sanitation, and preventive measures generally, and this despite the fact that the possibility of usefulness of such men has in recent years been shown to be practically without limit. The efforts of the American Red Cross in combating typhus in Servia, and the efforts of the Rockefeller Foundation in its campaign against the hookworm disease, show what men and organizations can do when intelligent and rightly directed energy is "on tap."

The announcement, therefore, that the Rockefeller Foundation is going to establish an Institute of Hygiene and Public Health will be welcome in every State and city where there is need for trained experts along this line. The Rockefeller Foundation proposes to locate its Institute at Baltimore in connection with the Johns Hopkins University. In this building are to be housed various laboratories and departments needed in such a school—those of sanitary chemistry, for example, and of physiology as applied to hygiene, of bacteriology and protozoölogy, of epidemiology, of vital statistics, a museum and library. The schools of medicine, engineering, and social science, the hospital and other departments will supply additional facilities for instruction and research.

The work of organization is to be undertaken by Dr. William H. Welch and Dr. William H. Howell, respectively Professors of Pathology and Physiology at the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Welch will be the director of the school.

With this announcement the Rockefeller Foundation has impressively added to its good deeds. Americans may justly expect that the School of Public Health, designed primarily to benefit those who plan to give their lives to the administration of scientific sanitation, will become an institution comparing in usefulness with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

UNHAPPY MEXICO—OUR DUTY

The five great burdens of society are ignorance, poverty, war, pestilence, and famine. All five of these burdens have fallen upon the people of Mexico. During the last three years these burdens have been steadily growing heavier and the tragedy more terrible.

IGNORANCE

Nothing effective has ever been done for the education of the Mexican people. Such state schools as exist are ineffective. The teachers themselves are rarely prepared to teach. The sons and daughters of the educated class do not go into the teaching profession. The Church has opposed the state schools, and the Church schools have been ecclesiastical, not human. The one chief university of Mexico, established in 1551, once or twice suppressed, has finally lapsed. The incompetence of such educational institutions as have existed in Mexico is evidenced by the fact that from eighty to eighty-five per cent of the population do not know how to read.

POVERTY

The poverty of the common people is almost unbelievable. The peons have been robbed of their land by the Government, sometimes in disregard of law, sometimes by the operation of law. Under guise of pro-

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tecting titles, in 1894 notices were posted requiring landowners to appear on a certain day before a designated official and swear to the propriety of their claims. As the peons could not read, few of them paid any attention to these notices, and their lands were taken from them and sold to the favored rich. Successive Governments have forced paper money upon the people, with the result that Carranza money is now worth about two cents gold on the dollar, and many storekeepers will not take it at all. Last October the "Mexican Herald" advertised American flour at $115 per sack. What this means to Mexican laborers we leave our readers to imagine. As though this were not enough, Government officials have given Government sanction to counterfeit money. One of our correspondents from Mexico has told our readers this story: "When the Villa Government called in its paper money to be validated, on the ground that some of it was counterfeit, this merchant found that the clerks at the stamping window could be 'reached' so that they would stamp the paper as valid instead of counterfeit. He was compelled to avail himself of this opportunity, along with other merchants, because the paper was actually valid, and he felt he had a right to persuade the clerks to stamp it valid."

WAR

To the burden of ignorance and poverty have been added for the last three years the burden of war. This has partly been a blind revolution of the peons against their employers, partly factional fights between political gangs possessing no political principles but formed only to advance the interest of the leaders whose names they bear, partly the work of bands of bandits graduating from the revolutionists and the political gangs and inspired simply by the desire for plunder. In these bands have been enlisted an increasing number of peons who, unable to earn money and suffering from other bandits, have fallen into what may almost be called a national habit. "Give a peon a rifle," says one of our correspondents, "and he will fight for half as much as he could earn as a laborer or small farmer; for enlisting in the army means opportunity to travel, to avenge real or fancied wrongs on the property and persons of the rich men, and to enjoy the glamour of war that inevitably appeals to the half-Indian race."

There are no laws governing such a war as this, no humanity to restrain the warriors, no far-sighted self-interest to lead them to preserve a land which they hope eventually to possess and a people whom they hope eventually to govern.

PESTILENCE AND FAMINE

In the trail of this devastating war have followed pestilence and famine.

The American Red Cross in Mexico reported in January last thirty thousand cases of typhus in Mexico City alone, and in the November preceding it was providing daily rations to approximately one hundred thousand persons. We find it difficult to understand the incredible pride which led Carranza to request the American Red Cross to discontinue all relief operations on behalf of Mexican citizens for no other conceivable reason than that the Red Cross service demonstrated the inability of his so-called Government to provide the required relief.

OUR DUTY

What is the duty of the American people toward their neighbors whose life is being crushed out by this fivefold burden of ignorance, poverty, war, pestilence, and famine? Our Secretary of State has officially declared in his note to the South American Powers the answer of the Administration to this question:

> I take this opportunity to inform you that this Government would have for its object, not intervention in Mexican affairs, with all the regrettable consequences which might result from such a policy, but the defense of American territory from further invasion by bands of armed Mexicans, protection of American citizens and property along the boundary from outrages committed by such bandits, and the prevention of future depredations by force of arms against the marauders infesting this region, and against a government which is encouraging and aiding them in their hostilities.

It is America's duty to protect American territory from Mexican marauders and to recover from the hands of Mexicans the captured soldiers whom we sent there to arrest Mexican marauders, and whom we are therefore under special obligation to protect. The American soldiers who are going to fulfill this part of our task are performing an important National duty and are making a sacrifice for their country's good. But this is not the whole duty of the Nation. We owe a duty to the people of Mexico as well.

To this unhappy people, suffering from this fivefold burden, we owe a duty of pro-

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tection, food, and medicine. We should go into Mexico, not merely in a punitive expedition to capture and punish a robber chief, not merely in a protective expedition to guard our own citizens on our own territory from future marauding expeditions. We should go into Mexico to carry relief, succor, and help to a suffering neighbor. We should go into Mexico, not to fight the Mexicans, but to fight *for* the Mexicans, as we went into Cuba to fight for the Cubans, and as we went into the Philippines to fight Aguinaldo that we might protect the Filipinos. We repeat what we said last January, which was itself a repetition of what we had said in previous issues :

> The Government of the United States ought, at the earliest possible moment, to send troops into Mexico. . . . Such a point or such points as American military authorities might select for the purpose should now be occupied by American troops. . . . Under the authority and guidance of these forces, Mexicans themselves should be formed into a constabulary force which should be the active force for pacification. . . . This is the method that was adopted in Cuba. Under General Leonard Wood, Cubans of character and ability were chosen to act in suppressing disorder in that island and in establishing orderly government. . . . If, in this intervention to protect American lives and property, the lives and property of Europeans for whom this country is responsible, and the lives and property of Mexicans themselves, Carranza will co-operate, so much the better. If he will not, he then must be counted among the enemies of Mexico.

We owe this duty to the Mexicans because they are our brothers, because they are unable to protect themselves, because the Golden Rule applies to nations as well as to individuals, because a purely selfish regard for our own interests, coupled with a selfish indifference to the interests of others, is as great a vice in a nation as in an individual, and because our Nation, wnich owes its own liberty in part to the aid furnished us in our time of peril by the French nation, has a special reason for rendering our aid to a people in the hour of their peril.

But this duty is reinforced and re-emphasized by the fact that we have some degree of responsibility for the present awful conditions in Mexico.

We are not responsible for the ignorance of the Mexican people. Our missionary bodies have done something by their churches and schools to lessen that ignorance. That their work has not been more effectual is due less to the failure of the churches than to conditions which made their work almost impossible.

But America has some share of responsibility for the poverty of the Mexican people. It is true that the common people of Mexico are better off, not worse off, because of American industries ; that American pioneers in Mexico have been giving them better pay, better homes, better clothes, better food, and doing something to give them better schools than they before enjoyed. But it is also true that there have been some corrupt American capitalists in Mexico who have co-operated with a corrupt Government in capitalistic oppression ; have obtained by corrupt methods special privileges ; have fallen into, if they have not absolutely instigated, Mexican methods in getting possession of lands and their values ; who have even acquiesced in, if not promoted, anarchy for personal profit. American employers of peon labor in Mexico frankly admitted to our correspondent, Mr. Mason, " that they prefer ten years of anarchy followed by ' the good old days of peon labor ' to intervention of any kind which would mean the restoration of peace and a higher wage scale."

And as a Nation we have had no inconsiderable share in promoting the conditions which have produced anarchy and internecine war in Mexico. We think that our Administration did right in refusing to recognize the Government of Huerta. His was certainly not a *de jure* Government. It was brought about by treachery and assassination. It would have represented the old capitalistic oppression. It might have preserved order—we cannot tell. So the Government of the Bourbon kings preserved order in France. We have no great admiration for a government which preserves order by garroting the people with one hand while it picks their pockets with the other.

But when we as a Nation drove Huerta from Mexico, destroying the only government it possessed, we made ourselves morally responsible for seeing that some other and better government was substituted in its place. It is a recognized principle of international law that if, by war, a nation destroys the government of a people, it is bound to maintain, at least for the time being, a government in the place of that which has been destroyed. The spirit of this principle, if not

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the letter of this law, we have violated in our dealings with Mexico. We have destroyed one government by refusing to recognize Huerta; we have tried to put another government in its place by recognizing Carranza. Mr. Lansing has declared, and his concise history of the last three years has demonstrated the truth of his declaration, that this Carranza government is not worthy of the name, because it has failed to perform the paramount obligation for which governments are organized. Under the régime which we have helped to impose upon Mexico, northwestern Chihuahua has had seven governments in five years. No "regrettable consequences" which might result from a strong, just, and beneficent government administered by America could conceivably compare with the "regrettable consequences" which have ensued from our policy of intermeddling without intervention.

Our young men are going down to Mexico, summoned by the President, to protect our borders from marauders. They are going loyally because the President calls them and he is the President; but the Nation is not responding in any such spirit of enthusiasm to the call of President Wilson as that with which it responded in 1898 to the call of President McKinley. This is not because McKinley was a Republican and Wilson is a Democrat; it is because when Wilson calls Americans he publicly disavows any intention to use the power of America for the service of its unfortunate neighbor, and when McKinley called Americans he called them specifically to deliver a neighbor suffering under the intolerable burden of a foreign despotism. Mr. Mason's article in The Outlook last week, giving an account of the American "Crusaders of To-Day," demonstrates that the spirit of chivalry is not extinct in the hearts of the American people. We ought to send an army to Mexico, not to fight the Mexicans, but to protect them; not to make war, but to end war; not to govern them, but to lay the foundations for self-government, to feed the hungry, to heal the sick, to protect the defenseless, to make possible the rehabilitation of industry, to fulfill for the time being what Mr. Lansing rightly says is the first duty of any government—the protection of life and property—and then to enable the people, under rulers of their own choosing, to organize a government able and willing to fulfill this paramount obligation.

PREPAREDNESS AND THE PRESIDENT

On December 8, 1914, when the military and civic experts of the country were urging a policy of systematic preparedness, the President said in his Message to Congress that all this was the talk of "nervous and excited" people.

To-day he is practically making war on Mexico, and is calling on the National Guard as the second line of defense to the regular army, which he and his party in Congress have up to within a few days kept in a state of military weakness. All praise is due to the young men of the National Guard who have responded to the call. But there is every evidence that the enlisted men of the National Guard are being sent to the border improperly trained and equipped. As a part of this evidence, we quote the following statement made by Mayor Mitchel, of the city of New York, on Tuesday of last week at a meeting called to discuss the situation. Mayor Mitchel is the best administrative officer that New York City has had for a quarter of a century. He knows something about military affairs, for he was a "rookie" at Plattsburg last year, and has made, as well, a careful study of military history and technique, and what he says cannot be ascribed to partisan antipathy, for he is a Democrat and has been a supporter of President Wilson:

> I don't suppose anything could more clearly demonstrate the present prostrate condition of this country than what is going on in this city and in this State and in other States to-day, where we see the men of the National Guard called to the concentration camps. These fellows, the finest in the country, are responding, only to find when they go out that they are without equipment, without horses, and without the facilities for a successful campaign.
>
> I want to say that the Government that sends these young men, unequipped as they are, down to Mexico with any expectation that they will accomplish results is exposing them to the same risk and jeopardy that the first force that went from England was exposed to, and if something of the same kind happens we have only the American people and them to thank for it.
>
> The most important thing, to my mind, is to call for organization throughout the country to secure from Congress adequate legislation, and, if need be, to secure a Congress that will enact adequate legislation. Just as the pacifism and indifference of the sitting Congress is non-partisan, so the movement to obtain a Congress that will enact adequate legislation ought to be

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non-partisan. We don't care—I don't, at all events—whether the men who go there pledged to real defensive legislation are Democrats, Republicans, Progressives, or what you will. I firmly believe the situation that this country faces, and the greater situation that eventually it will face in the future, transcend all parties and party considerations; that it is the future of the American Republic that is at stake, and men can decide that question irrespective of party.

Mayor Mitchel's words ought to be read by every thoughtful citizen in this country. The man who is responsible for the situation which he has described is the President of the United States. It is all very well to cry, "Support the President." But how can he have whole-hearted support from those men whose sons and brothers and friends are going to the border to suffer from disease, lack of food, lack of munitions, and lack of equipment, and who were called "nervous and excited" when they protested and prophesied eighteen months ago that this was exactly what was going to happen?

The only real step in the direction of preparedness for this country to-day is to turn out the men who are the direct cause of all the present deadly inefficiency, and elect those who are competent and determined to remedy, as far as possible, the terrible mistakes of the last two years and to prevent their repetition in the future.

THE TEST OF COURAGE

In all great crises phrases are born. Real phrases are not manufactured; they sum up and express great experiences. Such a phrase is that which was used by General Gallieni, quoted in The Outlook of June 14: "*Jusqu'au bout!*" When a year ago he was attacked by a grave illness which a slight operation and a short but immediate rest would have cured, he declined to drop his work, saying, "A chief must set an example in war time, and go '*jusqu'au bout!*'"—that is, to the very end. Unconsciously or instinctively, as brave men do, the "savior of Paris" not only struck a great note but announced a great principle of life in those words. It is the men who go "to the very end" who are in every generation the saviors of society; they preserve it from stagnation; they redeem it from corruption. It is undeniable that there is a downward sag in society, that it is impossible to build society on so strong a basis that it will automatically remain pure and vigorous. Society must be saved in every generation. It is impossible to capitalize it so strongly that it can rest safely on its accumulated moral strength.

It has been shown many times in the commercial world that a business house cannot be built so strongly that it will go on by its own momentum after the men who have created it have passed away. It will go on for a time, but with subsiding energy, and ultimately, unless its strength is renewed in the newer generations, it will end in bankruptcy. The attempt to establish society so that it can rest on its oars, so to speak, is doomed to failure; because the "power not of ourselves which makes for righteousness" seems to take very little interest in ease and prosperity and an enormous interest in the establishment of righteousness. "Morality," Lord Morley once said, "is not *in* the nature of things; it *is* the nature of things;" and morality is a daily and hourly reassertion, in definition and conduct, of righteousness.

The testing of courage is not the moment when the charge is made with ringing bugles and the impetus and inspiration of a great strain onward; it is when the inspiration of action has been lost; when all the conditions are full of disillusion, and few see clearly on account of the depression and monotony; and only they are heroically strengthened who are steadfast in the faith in which they began the fight—loyal to the very end. No one who reads the reports that come from the battlefields of Europe can have the slightest idea of the stolid and almost despairing loyalty with which millions of men are now living in the mud, standing fast with grim determination, though with hardly a glimpse of victory. These are the real heroes of the war; and these are its blackest hours. In every great struggle, national or individual, the crisis comes, not when the danger seems most imminent, but when the inspiration has ebbed; and men stand fast, not because they see that they are gaining ground, but because they have pledged themselves to stand fast to the very end. And no careers are more inspiring than those of the men who, like Cavour, have stood year after year, through long-continued and paralyzing discouragements and defeats, resolutely to the very end. Victory waits for such men and rewards them.

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HUGHES, ROOSEVELT, AND UNION

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt telegraphed to the Progressive Convention his "conditional refusal" of the nomination, there were some Progressives who thought that he might yet possibly be persuaded to run against Mr. Hughes. These Progressives were solicitous for the preservation of their party, and they felt that that was the paramount issue. Most of the Progressives, however, felt that the paramount issues were those forced upon the country by the European war. In this respect they agreed with what Mr. Roosevelt himself had been saying for months. The Progressive National Committee represented the will of the majority by voting, on Monday, June 26, to make no nomination, but to indorse Mr. Hughes.

In his letter making final his decision not to run, Mr. Roosevelt put before the Progressive National Committee and before the country the reasons for his decision. In 1912 events proved, he said, that the Progressive party offered the only alternative to Democratic success, and since 1912 the principles for which the Progressive party stood have been given a tremendous impetus by what that party has done. It had become evident in the meantime, however, that the Progressive party had ceased to be a means by which those ideals could be put into effect. "Under such circumstances," said Mr. Roosevelt, "our duty is to do the best we can, and not to sulk because our leadership is rejected. . . . It is unpatriotic to refuse to do the best possible merely because the people have not put us in a position to do what we regard as the very best." In Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, the present Administration has been "guilty of shortcomings more signal than those of any Administration since the days of Buchanan." It has relaxed the spring of the National will and deadened the National conscience. In that conviction he had spoken again and again on behalf of the reunion of the opposition to the Democratic party under a leadership that would stand for Americanism and preparedness. If the Republicans refused to provide such leadership, he had been prepared to accept the proposed Progressive nomination himself. Whether he would accept or not, it had been impossible for him to tell in advance. "In my judgment," wrote Mr. Roosevelt, "the nomination of Mr. Hughes meets the conditions set forth in a statement of the Progressive National Committee issued last January and in my own statements."

In March Mr. Roosevelt had said that he was concerned that there should be a unity of forces under a candidate who would not only stand on a platform of National Americanism, but would in good faith put it through if elected. Mr. Hughes's record, in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, is a guarantee that he will do just that. As to the support of Mr. Hughes by professional German-Americans of the so-called German-American alliances, Mr. Roosevelt had this to say:

> I believe that the attitude of these professional German-Americans was due, not in the least to any liking for Mr. Hughes, but solely to their antagonism to me. . . . These men may have nothing in common with the great body of Americans who are in whole or in part of German blood, and who are precisely as good Americans as those of any other ancestry. . . . No good American, whatever his ancestry or creed, can have any feeling except scorn and detestation for those professional German-Americans who seek to make the American President in effect a viceroy of the German Emperor.
>
> The professional German-Americans of this type are acting purely in the sinister interest of Germany. They have shown their eager readiness to sacrifice the interest of the United States whenever its interest conflicted with that of Germany. They represent that adherence to the politico-racial hyphen which is the badge and sign of moral treason to the Republic. I have singled these men out for specific denunciation, and assuredly if I support a candidate it may be accepted as proof that I am certain that the candidate is incapable of being influenced by the evil intrigues of these hyphenated Americans.
>
> Mr. Hughes's character and his whole course of conduct in public affairs justify us in the assured conviction that the fact that these men have for their own purposes supported him will in no shape or way affect his public actions before or after election. His entire public life is a guarantee of this.

Mr. Roosevelt then proceeded to contrast with this record of Mr. Hughes the three years of Mr. Wilson's Administration. He declared that in Mr. Wilson's case we do not have to consider his words, but his deeds; that the trouble caused by the professional German-Americans was due to Mr. Wilson's "timid and vacillating course;" that the very existence of the European war made it easier for Mr. Wilson to assert our rights than if he had had to deal with a strong Power unhampered by war; that courage, resolution, and judgment could have put a stop to the murder of

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American men, women, and children; that the members of the Republican Convention were induced to nominate Mr. Hughes because his integrity, character, and record would make him acceptable to the country. "I do not believe that Mr. Hughes would have been nominated," Mr. Roosevelt added, "if it had not been for the fight on behalf of public decency and efficiency which the Progressive party has waged during the past four years."

Asking his fellow-Progressives to disregard personal feelings and political fortunes, and to consider only the welfare of the whole country, Mr. Roosevelt warns them that "no man can tell what trial and jeopardy will have to be faced by this Nation during the years immediately ahead." There is only one question before the country—"whether during these possibly vital years this country shall be intrusted to the leadership of Mr. Hughes or Mr. Wilson." In Mr. Roosevelt's view, Mr. Wilson and his party "have brought us to impotence abroad and to division and weakness at home. . . . They have taught us that peace . . . is to be put above righteousness. . . . Yet in Mexico they have failed even to secure the peace which they thus sought. . . . They have raised indecision, hesitancy, and vacillation into a settled Government policy." In contrast, Mr. Roosevelt places the record of Mr. Hughes, which has shown him to have "the instinct of efficiency," the habit of translating words into facts, which warrants the belief that he will be the unfaltering opponent of invisible government, and which proves him to be a man of unbending integrity and original and trained ability. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, earnestly bespeaks from his fellow-Progressives "their ungrudging support of Mr. Hughes."

This letter of Mr. Roosevelt's has been accepted for publication in the "Congressional Record," and is therefore to be a public document.

In words that are no less generous because they are just Mr. Hughes at once expressed to Mr. Roosevelt his appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt's indorsement and his recognition of "the lasting indebtedness of the Nation" to Mr. Roosevelt "for the quickening of the National spirit, for the demand for an out-and-out—one hundred per cent—Americanism, and for the insistence upon the immediate necessity of a thoroughgoing preparedness, spiritual, military, and economic." To this end there must be, Mr. Hughes said, a united party "reconsecrated to its loftiest ideal." In this message, which he sent by messenger to Oyster Bay, Mr. Hughes wrote to Mr. Roosevelt:

> You have sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat. And I want you to feel that I wish to have all the aid that you are able and willing to give. I want the most effective co-operation with all those who have been fighting by your side. Let us work together for our National security and for the peace of righteousness and justice.

In addition, Mr. Hughes at once sent to the Progressive National Committee a telegram which, like Mr. Roosevelt's letter, ought to be made accessible to every voter. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he is profoundly convinced that by prompt and decisive action the Lusitania tragedy would have been prevented, and he holds the Administration responsible for the use of our soil as a base for alien intrigues. He quoted from Mr. Lansing's note to Carranza a description of conditions in Mexico (the same passage which The Outlook quoted in its editorial last week), and declared that that passage was an indictment of the Administration's Mexican policy by the Administration itself. He pointed out that support of the Government in such a situation as the present one does not mean approval of the course of the Administration. He expressed his profound belief in the effort to improve conditions of labor, to protect women and children, to conserve natural resources, and to lay underneath every effort to promote social justice "a stable foundation for honorable enterprise." He urged the necessity of rescuing commerce from uncertainty and confusion, and of showing that we know how to protect the public without crippling our productive energies.

"To what agency," asked Mr. Hughes, "shall we look for the essential, constructive programme on which our security and prosperity must depend? It is vain to expect it from the Democratic party. That party has not the National outlook. . . . We must make the Republican party the instrument of our advance. We want deeds, not words. . . . The Progressives have insisted on responsible, not invisible, government; on efficient administration. I yield to no one in that demand. . . . I find no difference in platform or in aim which precludes the most hearty co-operation and the most complete unity. It is within the party that the liberal-

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izing spirit you invoke can have the widest and most effective influence."

As a separate political organization the Progressive party will not figure in this National campaign. As an influence revolutionizing the thought and action of the country, it has been and will continue to be, perhaps, the most powerful single factor in this campaign. To have continued it as a separate party, with its own candidate, would have been to destroy its power and to frustrate its purpose. If in 1860 the Whig party had nominated a candidate opposed to the extension of slavery and devoted to the preservation of the Union, it is inconceivable that Abraham Lincoln would have insured the election of a pro-slavery and secession candidate by running on an opposing ticket. Those who regard the present crisis as one affecting the unity and security of the country, threatened by disloyalty and disregard of National duty from within and by aggression from without, will be thankful that there is no such division of forces that will make the issue confused.

WAR WITH MEXICO?

A POLL OF THE PAN-AMERICAN PRESS

"IT appears almost certain that the American public is going to be forced, very much against its will, to learn a great deal concerning the geography, and particularly the topography, of northern Mexico." So says the "News" of Greensboro, North Carolina. This is a natural remark. One has but to review the history of the present Administration at Washington as affected by Mexico to realize it. That history is thus chronicled by the Minneapolis "Journal:"

Mr. Wilson began by ordering Americans to abandon their livelihood and their property in Mexico. . . . He ordered an American cruiser out of Tampico, leaving the task of rescuing imperiled refugees to British and German warships. He demanded a salute from Huerta, and never got it. He occupied Vera Cruz, squeezed Huerta out of power, and then abandoned the port. . . . He favored Villa and then Carranza, meanwhile facilitating the arming and equipping of first one and then the other. He permitted insult and outrage along the border, and wholly ignored the Santa Ysabel massacre. Then came the Columbus raid with its . . . "punitive expedition."

THE CARRIZAL PRISONERS

The latest event to complicate the international situation was a bloody encounter at Carrizal in which some American soldiers were killed and others taken prisoners. Says the New York "Globe:"

American troops are in Mexico because armed men coming from Mexico have repeatedly invaded the United States. . . . The status of our punitive expedition is practically the same as that of the international punitive expedition that went to Peking when the legations were besieged by insurrectionary Chinese. Practically every civilized country then took it for granted that if the Chinese Government was not able to protect the legations the right to protect them existed elsewhere. It was not deemed that the landing of the allied force was in any way a violation of Chinese sovereignty. . . . The American troops are in Mexico with right, and, being there with right, they are not subject to the peremptory orders of Carranza.

MR. LANSING'S NOTES: TO CARRANZA

Our case against Mexico was outlined in the note of Mr. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, to General Carranza, reported last week in The Outlook. Replying to Carranza's demand that American troops be removed from Mexican territory, the note sums up all that has passed before in the way of official dispute, and, as the Carranza Government has shown itself incapable of protecting our border against Mexican bandits, declines to withdraw our troops. Among other papers, the Grand Rapid "News" notes that insincerity on the part of the Carranza Government is more than hinted at. The "News" continues:

Although assurance has been given that American lives would be protected by the Carranza Government, no steps have been taken to protect them, and both the lives and the property of American citizens have been destroyed.

From the moment of Carranza's official recognition by the President he has had the unqualified support of this Government. But Carranza has double-crossed the Administration at Washington beyond the shadow of a doubt. . . .

He could not unite the various factions of Mexico excepting in one common cause—war

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

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GOOD-BY!

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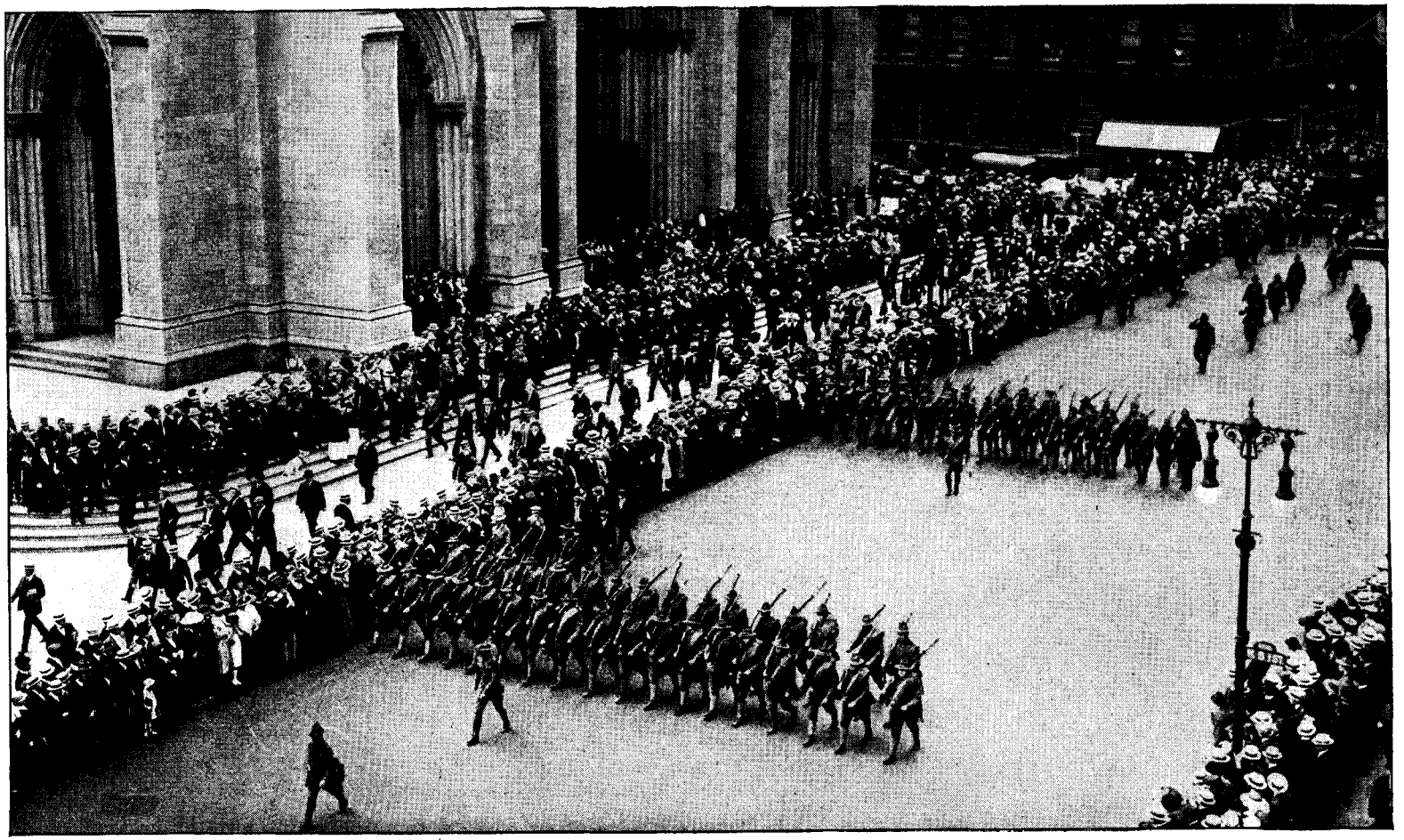

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THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT PASSING THE CATHEDRAL ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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THE WIVES, MOTHERS, AND SWEETHEARTS OF THE MEN ARE SEEN MARCHING BY THEIR SIDE

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT ON ITS WAY TO THE MOBILIZATION CAMP OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD

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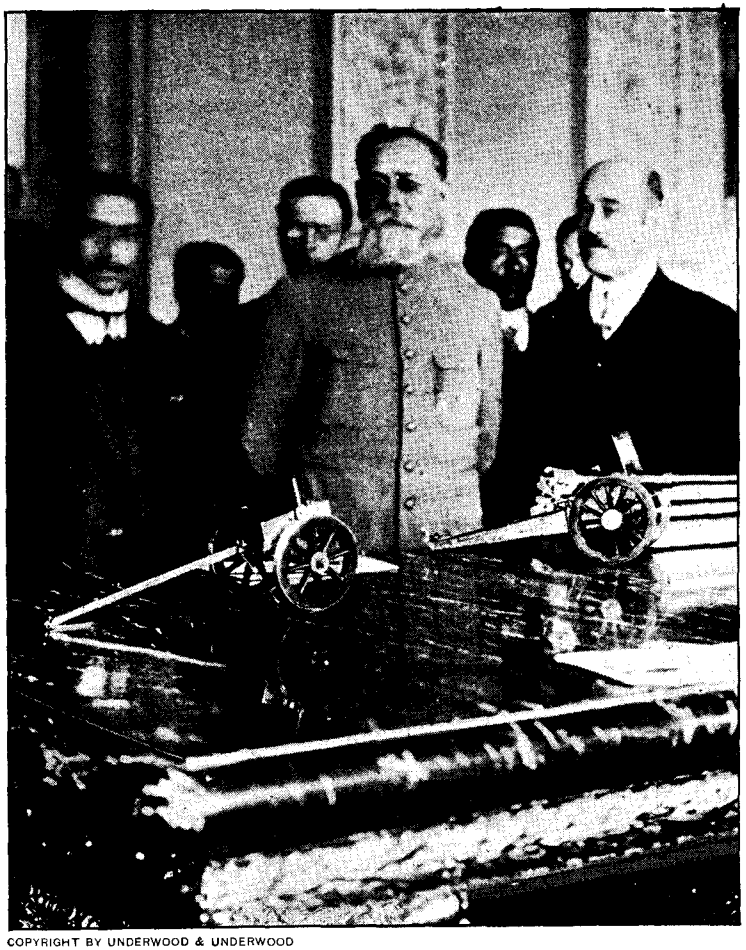

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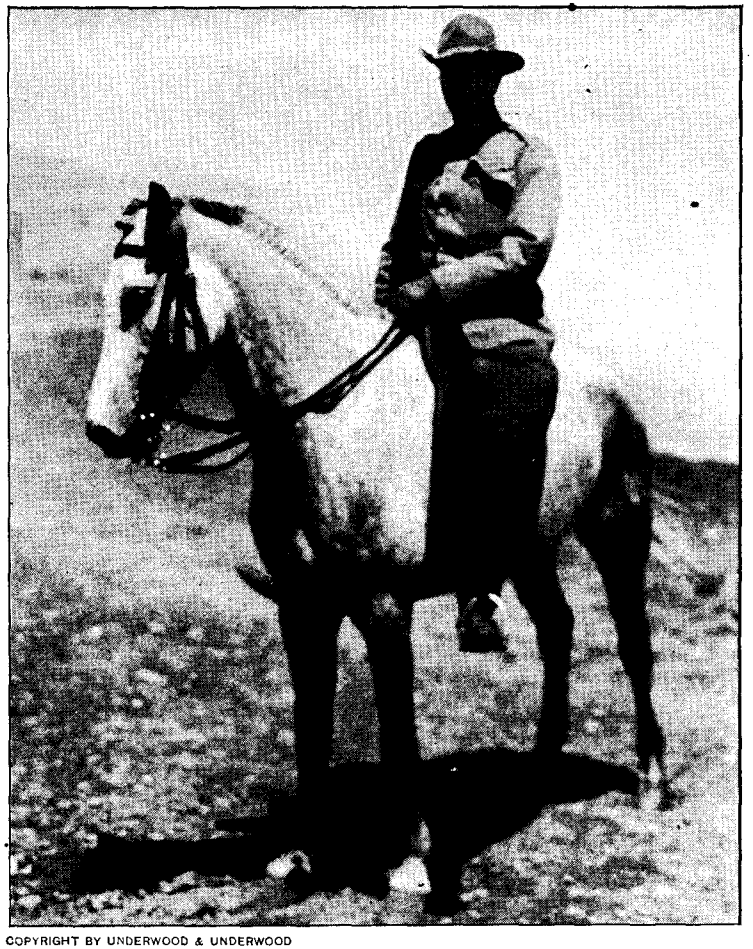
A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL CARRANZA

Taken in Mexico City, when Carranza was presented with a model of a new field gun, seen in the picture



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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, COMMANDER OF U. S. FORCES IN MEXICO

Official photograph, passed by the censor

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ADMIRAL MAYO, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET, BIDDING FAREWELL TO ADMIRAL FLETCHER, RETIRED

Admiral Mayo was born in Burlington, Vermont, December 8, 1856. Admiral Fletcher is a native of Iowa, having been born in Oskaloosa, in that State, in 1855. Both Admirals were concerned in the occupation of Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1914

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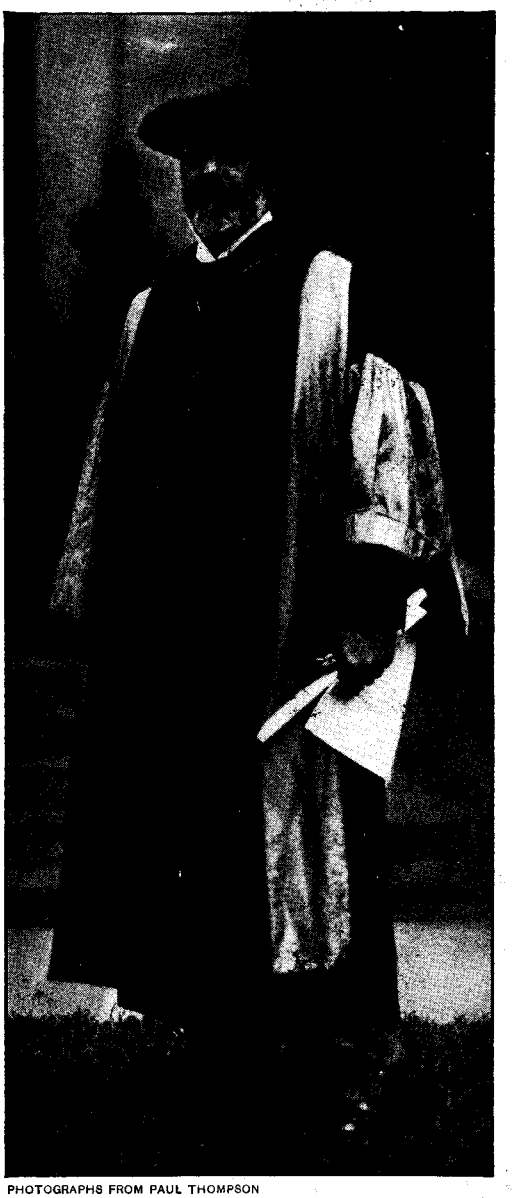
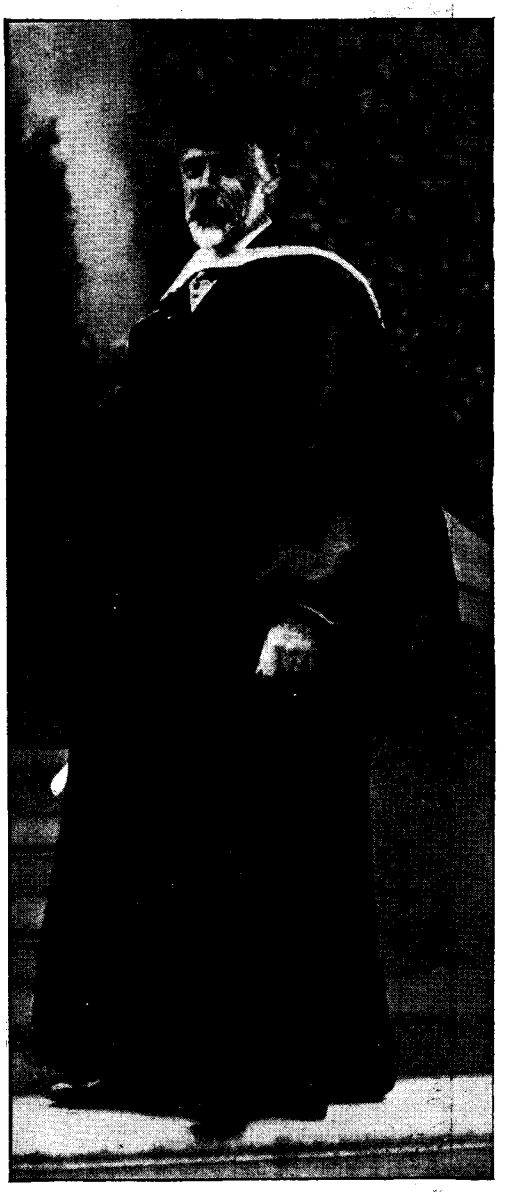


PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PAUL THOMPSON

JOHN S. SARGENT, LL.D.

Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856. He has resided principally in London, though often visiting this country



HERBERT ADAMS, M.A.

Mr. Adams was born in Concord, Vermont, in 1856. He is Vice-President of the Art Commission of New York, in which city he resides

ARTIST AND SCULPTOR HONORED BY YALE UNIVERSITY AT ITS RECENT COMMENCEMENT

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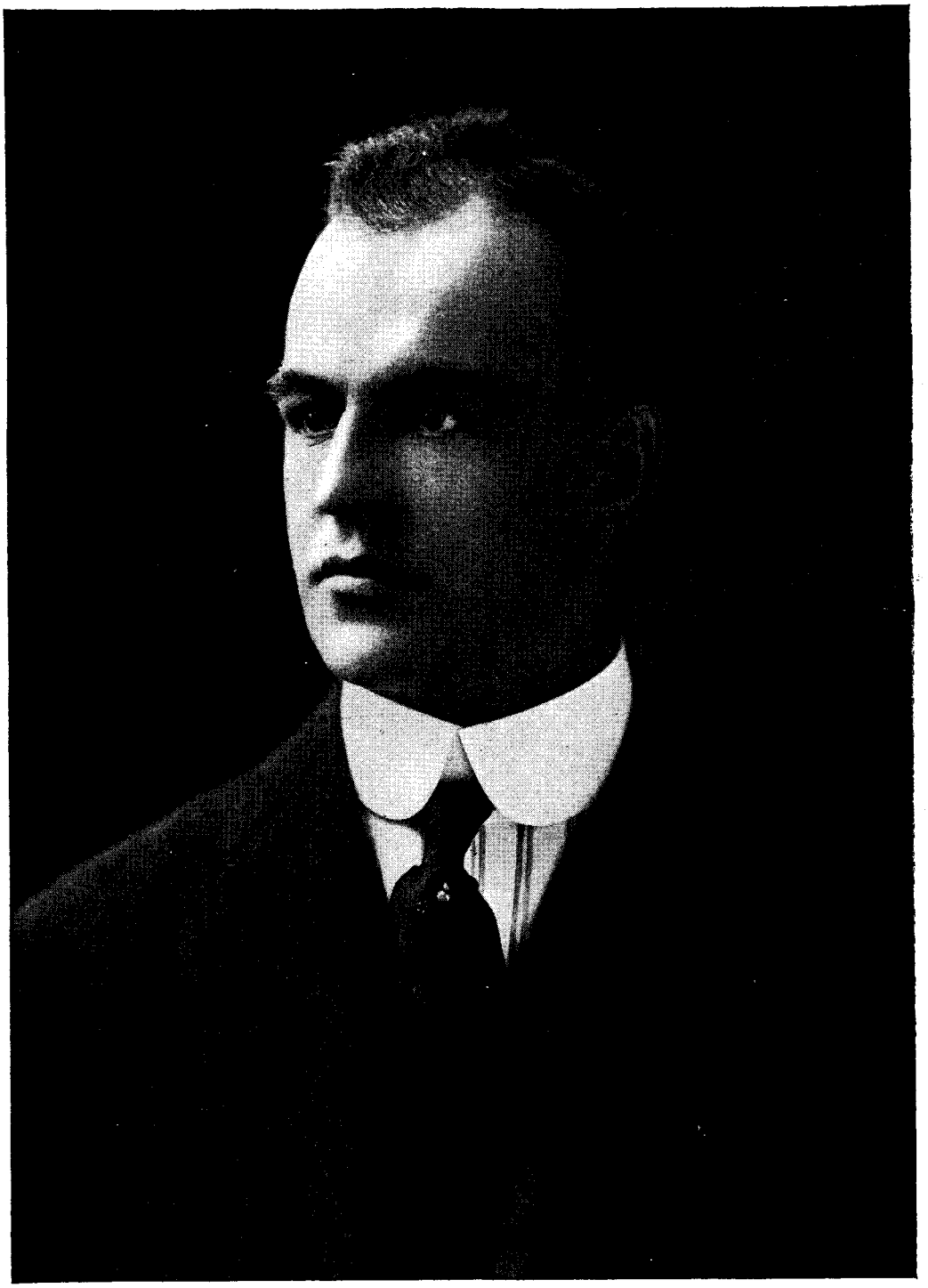

ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Mr. Hopkins was born in Dunbarton, New Hampshire, in 1877. Not yet forty years of age, he is one of the youngest college presidents in the country. See editorial pages for comment on Dartmouth and its new President

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COUNTRY DANCE—THE BUTTERFLY

One of the groups in the Shakespearean Pageant at the University of Cincinnati. See editorial comment

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against the United States. His bombastic speech to the crowd in Mexico City proved this. He said: "If we must fight the United States, I will lead you in person."

Mr. Lansing's note will be described, declares the "New Republic" (New York), as a tissue of sophistries by Mexican leaders who subordinate their patriotism to their personal ambitions.

It will be characterized in similar terms by those Americans who believe all Americans in Mexico and on the border deserve insult and outrage because there are some crafty and designing Americans whose property interests would be advanced by intervention. But the impression that reasonable persons, American or neutral, will gain from the note is that the United States in its dealings with Mexico has been patient almost beyond the limits of self-respect.

MR. LANSING'S NOTES: TO THE DIPLOMATS

A later note of the Secretary of State, addressed to the diplomatic representatives of South and Central American republics, hardly obtained quite such widespread approval, if we may judge from the Washington "Herald:"

The Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, has notified the diplomatic representatives of South and Central American nations that, if the United States enters upon a war with Mexico, "hostilities, in short, would be simply a state of international war without purpose on the part of the United States other than to end the conditions which menace our National peace and the safety of our citizens." Such an assurance to the world may be useful and necessary, but its utterance plainly suggests the desirability of a more definite and detailed understanding on the part of the people of the United States. Those who are to make great sacrifices in order to do military service for their country as well as those who are to bear an added burden of taxation for payment of the price of war are entitled to some assurance. Secretary Lansing's announcement may please South and Central America, but what about the men who are being asked to enlist to do the fighting?

THE PRESIDENT: HIS DEFENDERS

In following up these notes by a display of force President Wilson has encountered scant adverse criticism; but even that was instantly met by the alert new Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, Mr. Vance C. McCormick, in the Harrisburg "Patriot," of which he is the president and publisher:

President Wilson is not so sensitive as to shudder at every criticism of his policies with Mexico or any other nation, but there comes a time when his work is made more difficult and the position of our country made more critical by purely partisan objections. The fair-minded person or newspaper grasps this vital truth; the others may as well prepare for the rebuff that the country will inflict upon them.

Newspapers which in time of placid calm were yawping for war are now shrieking for peace. They condemned the President for not intervening in Mexico, and now when that step may become necessary they condemn him for calling out the militia. This hectic hedging is proof of the baseness of their business and the vacuity of their argument.

Then there is the New York "World:"

Nothing but bad advice at home and abroad, nothing but lies and suspicion, nothing but the plots of jingoes and war makers hating both Governments, can account for the fear and anger mixed with contempt that large numbers of Mexicans entertain for a man [President Wilson] who would like to be their helper and deliverer. In spreading these falsehoods the two Chicago Conventions were active. Both wanted war and conquest. In both the President was denounced and his policy ridiculed.

And the "World" characterizes criticism of the President now as "sedition."

THE PRESIDENT: HIS OPPONENTS

But its neighbor, the New York "Sun," takes the wind out of the "World's" sails by quoting the following:

Sometimes questioning and doubting, the —— has approved President Wilson's Mexican policy at every step because it hoped and believed that that policy was making powerfully for peace. Its strongest guarantee of peace was sincerity. Its next strongest guarantee of peace was the possession of Vera Cruz. After long months of "watchful waiting" we have abandoned our sincerity, and we have abandoned Vera Cruz without accomplishing one of our purposes.

The flag has not been saluted. There is no assurance of peace. Except for our naval forces we are in no position to fulfill our engagements with foreign Powers. Setting out to establish constitutional government in Mexico, we are leaving Mexico to its own resources at a time when its internal affairs are more chaotic than they were when we interfered with them.

Have we served the Mexicans? Have we served ourselves? Have we served mankind?

The "Sun" comments:

If our neighbor's system of office mnemonics is what it ought to be, it will not surprise the "World" to be told that the blank in the text should be filled with its own name, and that the

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foregoing "sedition" is from its own editorial columns of November 24, 1914.

From North to South there has been a chorus of criticism as to past history. For instance, in the North we read in the Burlington "Free Press:"

Some member of Congress said he would be glad to respond to the appeal to "stand by the President" if the President would stand still in any one position long enough to make it possible. This must be the feeling of a constantly increasing number of Americans every time they consider the ever-changing attitude of this country toward Mexico.

First we treat President Carranza as though he were the most reliable authority in the world and at the head of a thoroughly established government whom the United States could hold to "strict accountability." The next moment we act on the theory that the Mexicans are a lot of Indians, who pay no attention to the words or authority of Carranza, and that we must apply to them the methods we so long used in settling our own Indian question.

And in the South a Texas paper, the Laredo "Record," close to the border, declares:

Mexico cannot be handled in a half way manner. It must be all the troops out or all of them in, and the suffering border is mighty anxious to have an end to the uncertainty.

CARRANZA

Under any circumstances, however, any present American action in Mexico will have to reckon with the secret information, the character, and the ability of General Carranza.

Concerning the first, the Atchison, Kansas, "Champion" affirms:

It is entirely probable that some foreign Power has led the *de facto* Executive to believe that outside assistance can be obtained. This side of the situation need not cause apprehension.

Concerning Carranza's character, the New York "Times" says:

We can have but faint confidence in his good faith, in his willingness to keep the pledges he makes.

Concerning Carranza's ability the same journal says:

He is not strong in his own country, he has little authority, he is exposed to the danger of overthrow from rival ambitions. He is not in a position to give guarantees, and people in this country would be exceedingly doubtful of any settlement that did not promise, not only our own security against border lawlessness, but the permanent pacification of Mexico.

As the Philadelphia "Ledger" puts it: "It is precisely because of Carranza's own failure to exercise the power of sovereignty that American troops are on Mexican soil to-day."

THE LATIN AMERICAN PRESS

Few newspapers in this country have not expressed anxiety as to what our Latin-American neighbors to the south might think of our course in Mexico. It is interesting, therefore, to have by telegraph fairly full reports. "La Prensa," of Buenos Aires, the chief paper of the Argentine, declares that the United States, as a sovereign nation, has the right to defend its interests trod upon by the Mexican revolution. But war, the "Prensa" believes, would be a grievous error—

As the triumph of the Pan-American policy is preferable to the satisfaction that would be given by a war to exact reparation for an offense that the Mexican people cannot make good because of the anarchy which suppresses the will that only the voice of the constituted powers could express. Upon the United States alone devolves the duty of avoiding war, as Mexico cannot recognize this obligation because of its state of anarchy.

In Brazil the "Gazeta," of Rio de Janeiro, thinks that the United States gives an "excessive extension" to the "right of police" on the continent. It says:

No country in the world, including the United States, has been able to go through its evolution or perfect itself without struggles and commotions more or less sanguinary. It is impossible to maintain that violence and a sanguinary spirit are exclusively Latin-American defects.

The severity and the contempt with which Washington looks upon the revolutions of the neighboring countries are neither just nor Christian.

Another Rio paper, the "Jornal do Comercio," believes that "in the difficult situation in which President Wilson finds himself he will employ all his efforts to solve an unpleasant problem."

The "Paiz," also of Rio, frankly supports the policy of the United States of America and thinks that our Government is sincerely disposed to defend its interests, its territory, and the lives of its citizens "without making the anarchy in Mexico in any way an excuse for practicing acts of imperialism which would bring about the irreparable bankruptcy of the great authority and confidence which the United States enjoys so legitimately in America and elsewhere." And this Latin-American journal concludes:

It is impossible not to recognize that the aims

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of the Niagara Conference are grossly violated by the Government of Mexico. . . .

It is impossible to deny that a painful impression is caused by the incorrigible turbulence of this Latin Republic, which defies with amazing blindness the dangers resulting from its madness, and which continues to despise all calls to reason and good sense, plunging toward criminal suicide, into a fight which can be only fatal to her.

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY

GIVEN BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI

IN accord with the Nation-wide movement on the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, Cincinnati planned a general celebration, of which the main feature proved to be the part proposed by the University of Cincinnati under the direction of Bertha K. Young, Assistant Professor of English in that University—that is, the presentation of the English interlude by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, Director of the English Folk Dance Society, written by him for the New York Community Masque of Percy MacKaye. This interlude took the first prize a few weeks ago for its harmonious and unified character.

This interlude, called "The Inhabitants of an Elizabethan Village Celebrate May Day," was Mr. Sharp's opportunity to emphasize what he has already introduced into this country, the fine old ritualistic and elemental folk song and dance, of which he has been the assiduous and conspicuous collector for the past fifteen years, just when the traditional singers and dancers of whom he got them—all over seventy-five years of age—were giving place to a modern generation of new-fashioned trots and machine-made rag-time.

These old sword, morris, and country dances, one of which will be found illustrated in the pictorial section of this issue, were woven into a kind of allegory of primitive religious rites, celebrating the eternal miracle of spring with its purifying and beneficent influence.

The University of Cincinnati, situated in one of the beautiful natural parks of the city, had an unexampled setting—a lovely green glen, a kind of natural amphitheater—in which dances belonging to the turf and the open could be appropriately given on one of those rare days in June when the fresh green of tree and shrub was varied by the brilliant sunshine and shadow of the passing clouds.

An audience of over four thousand, on the grand stand and about the circle, greeted a procession of four hundred gayly and simply dressed students—men and women—who wound through the long, shaded avenues of the woods to the playground.

The opening contest between Spring and Winter is the origin of modern football and hockey. Twenty-five young men, dressed in black, commanded by one of their number, Frost, in white, guard a ball which twenty-five other young men, dressed in green, rushing in joyously, headed by Sun, in yellow, assisted by twelve gayly decorated maidens, succeed in securing from Winter, whose representatives are then driven off the field, thus making way for the May Day ceremonies. The long line of villagers, men and women, two by two, each waving handkerchiefs in the air in unison with the step, headed by the pipe-and-taborers (represented by modern clarinets and drum), danced the lovely Tideswell Processional Morris, in a spiral to the center of the field, until, with a merry shout, they all dispersed, making way for groups of children, who sang and acted such traditional games as Old Roger, Oats, Peas, Beans, and others.

The May-pole group of guildsmen, headed by two Jacks-o'-Green (plow-boys) in picturesque white smocks with farm animals in red and black, carried the garlanded May-pole from the cart, drawn by real oxen, to the May-pit. The shepherdesses, accompanied by sheep, the milkmaids with cows, the sowers, reapers, and chimney-sweeps—all joined in groups about the pole (not connected with ribbon streamers, but in the older, simpler, natural form) and about the two Jacks-o'-Green to dance Gathering Peascod and Sellenger's Round, Mage on a Cree. The whole living, moving scene was one long to be remembered for its harmonious setting, for its beautiful dances, and for the spirit of joyous mirth which animated both villagers and onlookers.

The wonderful combination of sky and green; the simple, spontaneous joy of those

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who were in some sense realizing again the miracle of spring; the simple, elemental tunes which only the folk in their original sincerity can create; the morris dances of the men, with their gay baldrics and bells keeping rhythm to the music; the ancient sacrificial sword dance of Flamborough, the stick dance—Rigs-o'-Marlow—all made a day of rare splendor and beauty.

The festivities continued on the University campus, with the presentation of Noah's Flood, drawn on a float in the procession, by a group of sophomores; the Elizabethan market, where Autolycus sang ballads on the celebrities of the day and strolling players entertained, while all sorts of Elizabethan chapmen and costermongers peddled their wares. The day concluded with a production of "Much Ado About Nothing" in the evening by the class of 1916.

Contributions for this celebration were made by the city in general, through a Central Committee. Cincinnati hopes to follow the lead of Boston, New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh in organizing a community center of the English Folk Dance Society, continuing the work begun by Mr. Sharp in person and his representative, Miss Lily Roberts, of Stratford-on-Avon, who trained all the dancers for the Cincinnati celebration.

The University of Cincinnati is partly a municipal institution; the College of the City of New York is wholly a municipal institution. What may be done by democracy in education is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the two finest Shakespearean celebrations so far held in this country have been those given on the University of Cincinnati campus and in the Stadium of the College of the City of New York.

OUR CITIZENS IN ARMS

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM CAMP WHITMAN

"WELL, what's the war news?" asked an old resident of Golden's Bridge, New York, of the brakeman of the branch line train, which consisted of two freight cars and a battered coach. Every morning since August 1, 1914, the old resident had asked that question. And every morning the brakeman had given him a verbal comprehensive bulletin before handing over a second-hand copy of a metropolitan daily, the "Bulldog" edition, which went to press late afternoon of the day before. This time the farmer-brakeman drew himself up like a man intrusted with a personal message from his king. Waiting a minute for effect, he drawled:

"You don't have to go to Europe for your war news no more. The President's called out the militia."

"Well, I swan!" remarked the old citizen; "seems like the hull world's got the war fever."

There are a few countries still neither at war nor threatened with war, but it is now hard for Americans to believe it. For there is not a remote hamlet or a secure interior city in the United States that has not now felt the "war fever." The Middle West, accused of indifference to the great war abroad, has been second to no community in its response to the President's call. Scenes that most Americans had seen only in the moving pictures or in the illustrated supplements of their Sunday papers and had never thought to view otherwise are now common in all sections of the country. Men and women leave their work or their meals to rush to the main street of their "home town" and rake with scorching cheers the passing ranks of men in khaki. From Market Street on the Pacific to Broadway in the East city canyons reverberate with the rolling wheels of artillery. In the lesser towns that do not boast even a company of militia men and women gather at the railway station to "see off" the only "local boy" in uniform and cheer till their lumpy throats prevent as Hen or Martin or Abner climbs abroad. Even Nevada, which has no National Guard, feels a vicarious thrill as temporary residents leave for the training camps of their own States, and a very solid pride as the reports come home of Nevada boys who have joined the regulars.

No Paul Revere is needed to-day. Newspapers do his work. And the minute-men of 1916 have not lagged behind the minute-men of '76 in their response. A whole coun-

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try has rushed to arms as a countryside did on the nineteenth of April, Seventy-five. From the giant firs of Oregon and the hackmatacks of Maine, the prairies of Dakota and the hills of Tennessee, from Colorado smelters and the New York Stock Exchange, come nephews of Uncle Sam.

Mr. Bryan did not misjudge the spirit of Americans when he declared that at war's alarum a million men would spring to arms between dawn and dusk. If the President had wanted a million men instead of a tenth of a million for Mexico, he could have had them in a flash. Mr. Bryan's mistake and the mistake of all the professional pacifists lay in believing that every man would have a musket and would know how to use it, as every man did in '76. Probably, like other professional pacifists, Mr. Bryan believed war so remote for the United States that he did not think of the slight detail of training and equipping his million men.

Now that most of the militia has mobilized it is time to analyze what has happened.

One thing has not happened, and that is the fulfillment of the boasts of the various directing officers of the militia of various States as reported in the newspapers on June 19, the day after the President's call for the militia was flung over the land.

"Major-General O'Ryan informs me," said Governor Whitman, of New York, "that the mobilization will be completed within three days."

"We are ready," said Colonel Henry G. Mathewson, Chief of Artillery for the National Guard of California.

"We can leave for the front at any time," said Adjutant-General George McL. Presson, of the Maine National Guard.

Similar expressions came from responsible officers in other States. Yet not a considerable force of the militia of any State was ready to entrain for the border till a week after the President's call.

It is quite natural that these officers and men were overconfident. Personally they were just aching to serve their country, and they mistook their enthusiasm to act for their ability to act; they confused the will and the deed. Their ready spirit was commendable, but their unready material condition was deplorable, and would have been calamitous had a foreign enemy been landing on our shores. It is unnecessary to tire the reader with a long list of specific deficiencies. One item of deficiency reported in the National Guard was three hundred and eight machine guns, but the actual shortage in these weapons is much greater than that, if we are to learn anything from the war in Europe. Blankets, leggings, hats, shirts, rifles, horses—there was a shortage of all these things. Practically every militia regiment in the country was below war strength, and the recruits, who volunteered with splendid patriotism, found themselves without the means of equipment. If we cannot maintain the full numbers of our National Guardsmen in time of peace, can we not at least maintain the equipment on hand for the emergency drilling of recruits? Not under the present system of State control, it seems.

As this is written, for the second time in eighteen years we are on the verge of a war with a people who speak Spanish. Now, as in 1898, the crisis has found us unready. Not so unready as when the Maine blew up, but nevertheless unready.

This is the dark side of the situation. The bright side is very bright.

It is the glory of our country to-day that our citizens have not shirked the call to arms. Some jingoes here and some foreigners who have failed to understand our non-participation with them in the European war have misjudged us. They have thought that we had become decadent, that we had lost our National nerve and "punch." But America's heart seems to be all right.

The sights of 1898 are being repeated throughout this land and the spirit of '98 is again abroad. City streets are parade grounds for men in khaki who march there through volleys of applause from sidewalks and from batteries hidden in high office windows. Crowds of recruits in the clothes of civil life and the pallor of the desk-worker crowd about armory doors clamoring to be enrolled. Railway stations are filled with the tramp of marching feet and the sobs of the Girl He Leaves Behind Him—sweetheart, sister, mother, wife. License bureaus are crowded, issuing marriage licenses to America's would-be "war brides." Park lawns are torn by the hoofs of swerving horses and rutted by the wheels of the rumbling guns. Military music is in the air wherever you go.

All this is the thrill of war. If we have war, the agony and the deadening pain will come later.

A good deal of the dull routine of war, the antipode of the glamour, has been felt already by the Guardsmen. The mobilization camps

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are full of it. At one of these forty-seven camps you can see sights common to all.

New York's main camp of mobilization is Camp Whitman. It is in the township of Beekman, but the railway station is Green Haven. The traffic does not support a ticket agent, and you pay your fare in cash on the train. The camp site was selected with an eye to seclusion from the general public, and the selectors certainly succeeded well. Although less than twenty miles from Poughkeepsie and the teeming commerce of the Hudson River Valley, except for the automobiles of tourists the little town looks like the heart of New England forty years ago. You get your mail at "the store" from a tiny post-office screened off by chicken wire, and if you seek a meal at the "hotel" they kill you a hen while you wait.

My first view of the camp was from the railway tracks to the east of it. The train shot out of a canyon in the high wall of the Pawling Mountains that immure Beekman on east and south, and there, across a broad, rolling sweep of pasture land dotted with grazing cows and graceful wineglass elms, and colored with smears of buttercups, daisies, and purple flag, were the conical tents of the militia. Some were drab, like the tents of the regulars; some were an unwarlike white that could be seen for miles and miles.

The camp lay along the left of the road that dipped back into the country from the station. Along the other sides were canvas dwellings also, but these proved to be the shelters of the enterprising merchants who have been filling their money belts with the proceeds of the sale of tobacco, candy, sarsaparilla, ginger ale, and all those multicolored beverages known generically to children as "pop." Of these, the nearest to an alcoholic is "nearbeer," for John Barleycorn is stopped by the sentries at Camp Whitman. The camp is a new one, and the difficulties encountered in getting a satisfactory water supply have led the soldiers to dub it jocosely "a water-wagon without water."

The men to have the honor of first pitching tents at Camp Whitman were the Twenty-second Engineers, who went to put the camp in shape for the others; but the first tents to be seen from the tiny railway station were the tents of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth"—the regiment that has never lost a flag. Irish is this regiment from Colonel Conley to Private Flynn, and it wears the blue hat cord of the infantry. Passing up one of the company streets between groups of Haggertys, O'Briens, Hogans, Flannerys, and Quinns, I noticed the regimental standard fluttering on the breeze. The staff was ringed with bands of silver, and each of these bands recalls some daring exploit of this famous New York City regiment. "Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Antietam, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor," chanted a newspaper man; "there's a record for you, believe me."

"It ain't finished yet, mister," said a private who held a clay pipe upside down between two jaws like the bluff bows of a canal-boat; "there's room on that record for the battle of Cheywho-a-who-a"—he meant Chihuahua.

On beyond the Sixty-ninth was the Twenty-second, living mainly in white tents that made one believe at first sight that the circus had come to town. The hard routine work of war which these men, assisted by the men of the Sixty-ninth, encountered in this camp without any of war's excitement to offset it was the work of laying out company streets, digging drains, sinking wells, laying pipes for water, chopping wood, and all the ordinary chores of camp life. Stone walls were torn down ruthlessly to supply the material for aqueducts and streets. Opposite the headquarters of the Twenty-second was an old farm-house, used when the soldiers first arrived by prisoners from Sing Sing, who named it "Camp Kirchwey," after their warden. In fact, Camp Whitman is on the State Industrial Farm, and when the soldiers came to lay out their camp they found a number of convicts working on State roads. Some wag, who noticed how much harder the men of war were working than the convicts, remarked, "The soldiers work like convicts and the convicts work like soldiers." And a big Irish corporal carrying rocks as he chanted to himself, "A big one and a little one, a big one and a little one," stopped his refrain to offer to change clothing with a prisoner. But from morning to dark the work did not stop, not even for a few minutes at that drowsiest of all times in a country summer, mid-afternoon, with the roosters crowing lazily over the hill.

Probably the militia of New York is fairly typical of the militia of the whole country. There are all sorts of men among the National Guard of the Empire State. Pale clerks whose eyes wince under the full sun, college athletes as tanned as any regular in Mexico, hard-handed bricklayers and farmers,

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taxicab drivers from the city, anæmic waiters, and spectacled millionaires. There is a great democracy about this arming of citizens. Plutocratic polo-players in Squadron A rub shoulders with the sons of the "peepul" on the drilling green, and are the better for it.

Although there has been a great rush of recruits to the militia, the number of the men who have had a year or more in the Guard is high. But probably in most regiments less than one per cent have ever been under fire. Men like Private Baird, of the Sixty-ninth, whose leg was torn by a shell at Gallipoli, are few and far between. Of course, in comparison with the regulars the militiamen do seem thin-chested and anæmic in many cases, and the percentage of men with horn rims about their eyes is larger than one would like to see it. Moreover, a good many of the horses of the militia that I have seen appear too "leggy" and soft for the border country. But the weakest men and the weakest horses are being weeded out by the Federal officers in charge of enrolling the militia as a Federal force, and a month on the sunny, sandy stretches of the border will transform the others. And even as they are, just after donning their uniforms at their armories, the Guardsmen all look capable of coping with more than an equal force of Mexicans.

The process of enrolling the National Guard in the Federal service seems to have been misunderstood by a good many citizens. Under existing law at the time the President called out the militia it could be used by him only in subduing rebellion or repelling invasion. Before any Guardsman could be sent into Mexico, supposing emergencies should call for such action, the President needed the specific authorization of Congress. This authorization Congress must give. In order to be used in Mexico, however, each Guardsman must take the oath required under the new Army Reorganization Law. No Guardsman is forced to take this oath, but those who decline to take it cannot be used outside of the United States. Each man who does take it becomes automatically a volunteer soldier in the United States army for the term of three years or for the duration of this Mexican emergency, if that proves to be less than three years. Thus far few Guardsmen have refused to take the oath, which is as follows:

Oath and contract of enlistment of —— (Company, Troop, Battery) in the National Guard of the United States and of the State of (——):

I do hereby acknowledge to have voluntarily enlisted this —— day of ——, 1916, as a soldier in the National Guard of the United States and of the State of (——), for the period of three years in service and three years in the reserve under conditions prescribed by law, unless sooner discharged by proper authority. And I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and to the State of (——), and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and of the Governor of the State of (——) and of the officers appointed over me according to law and the rules and articles of war. This oath is subscribed with the understanding that credit will be given in the execution of this contract for the period which I have already served under my current enlistment in the organized militia of the State of (——).

All the forty-four States whose militia was recently called out have shown a praiseworthy zeal in responding. New Jersey claims the honor of being the first State to get its men out in uniform, and Oregon claims the honor of having the first company to take the oath of "federalization."

I was at Camp Whitman the afternoon that word came of the order for the militia to go to the border as soon as ready without waiting for complete mobilization at the various State camps. The news was first received by a newspaper man in a telegram from his office, and he passed it on to two privates who were drinking "nearbeer" at a refreshment stand by the roadside. They dropped their unemptied glasses and ran through the camp spreading the news, which was taken up by others and carried down each company street to the remotest canvas domicile. You would have thought they were carrying reports of another Marathon instead of the word that meant certain service in a country of many hardships and not improbable service in a country of hostile half-Indians.

The spirit of our citizen soldiers is splendid. Were their material equipment and their training, which the country has neglected, half as adequate as the spirit, we would have no cause to reproach ourselves—we, the great body of non-fighting citizens who are to blame for this unreadiness. Were our heads only as reliable as our hearts, what a Nation we Americans could be!

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OUR MILITARY SITUATION

BY NEWTON D. BAKER
UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR

THE country is interested in what may be called the most prominent manifestation of America's response to the stimulus of the world's war.

Prior to the breaking out of the war we had concerned ourselves for a great many years with purely economic and industrial questions. We had uneasy questionings about the recall of judges, there was much agitation about the initiative and referendum, we were quite sure that our financial system needed readjustment, we were awakening to a realization that the sources of our National strength were being sapped by our inattention to the depressing effects of modern industry unrestrained by wise laws and regulations. But to these things we gave thought only as matters to which we should attend; our prevailing state of mind was that in America there was a spontaneous, upward tendency. We knew that we were growing rich, and we were not selfish about it. We saw that our friends across the sea were rivals in commerce and in industry who summoned the best in us to competition. And then the war came, taking away the foundations of all our thinking, substituting horror and dread where complacency had once been. We began asking ourselves if there is any fortification against this disaster. When we asked it of others, we came to ask it of ourselves, and there grew up in America, when the first shock was over and our ability to think was restored, the question: Are we prepared should our turn come to whirl in this fearful vortex?

At first this question revolved around mere military preparation in the narrowest sense—the number, weight, and armament of our ships; the length of the guns of our coast defenses; the amount of ammunition of various kinds in store; the number of trained men to officer impromptu armies. But as the war developed in Europe we learned that these things are but a part of preparation, and a relatively useless part, unless they are based upon other things very much more difficult to secure—things which must be secured long in advance of a crisis or else be then obtainable only with peril and fearful unnecessary loss. We have witnessed the nations of Europe preparing as they fought, and have come to realize that perhaps the most important kind of preparedness is a kind which is equally available and useful in times of peace, and which, if secured, will not only render our military preparation more effective, but will steady and strengthen and inspire the Nation when engaged in peaceful pursuits.

The war in Europe is teaching us many lessons. For one thing, we have learned that the whole art of war has changed in character. The forces concerned are more extensive, the instruments used more deadly, their preparation involves more time. The spectacle in Europe to-day is that of millions of men fighting underground—a war in which machinery is king. The ingenuity and the inventiveness of these people have been long busy with its preparation. And one lesson for us is that any degree of preparation requires more forethought than was formerly necessary. If America should ever be called upon to defend the rights of her citizens in any such contest as is now being waged, it would mean either our destruction or the summoning of every vital energy of our people to our defense.

I have no hysterical notion that war is like the plague, and that we are going to catch it from mere proximity; nor have I the slightest fear that the great people of this Nation are going to lose their heads and embark upon a career of combat and conquest out of a mere desire to be heroic or to attain glory. As a matter of fact, the glory of war has largely disappeared, and the magnitude of the sacrifices entailed makes of it a stern business, to be entered upon only as an alternative to impossible conditions of peace. This Administration has taken note, however, of the fact that this is an age in which the principles of mechanics, the output of the workshops, and the preparation made by industry and commerce are a part—a necessary part—of the preparation for National security.

The Congress has now passed an army reorganization bill, creating no great standing army, enforcing by no compulsion a universal sacrifice from the manhood of the Nation of years out of careers devoted to industry and commerce, but providing a first-line of defense. The bill will give us a National force large enough to maintain order in those outlying places where we have assumed responsibilities and to protect our own borders against any aggression. It provides an ex-

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periment in Federalizing the militia of the States, making it a safer reliance for the National defense and recognizing the sacrifice and patriotism of those who prepare to serve their country by enlistment in these State forces. Some increases in the navy are also authorized. And by a measure now under consideration, suggested by the President, a council of executive information is proposed which will bring the Government into such intimate relations of knowledge and sympathy with labor and business and industry as to make possible, should it ever be necessary, an instant mobilization of the great resources of this Nation for the common defense.

I am persuaded that the additions to the army and navy were necessary, and that common prudence requires and justifies the expenditures and reorganizations here proposed.

Threefold mobilization is necessary in any country for war, and of these three elements two are as valuable and as vital in times of peace as in times of conflict.

In the first place, there must be, of course, arms and soldiers, ships and sailors, and these must be modern and adequate. A fourth and fifth arm—air-craft and submarine—have been added. No nation can with justice summon embattled farmers with the rude firearms which were adequate a few decades ago. Regimentation, discipline, and knowledge are more important than they used to be, and the masses and the maneuvers are on a more intricate and difficult scale. I may incidentally say that throughout the whole country there is an inspiring response to the country's military needs. Young men in college, young men in business, at the bench, and in the professions are associating themselves for training in a fine democratic and enthusiastic way, making sure that should the need come there will be in the country a reserve body ready to respond and able to bring more than mere bodies for bullets, by reason of the fact that they have learned in camp and armory to act in concert and under command to defend the country.

The second mobilization necessary is that of our industries and commerce. The war in Europe had been under way more than a year before some of the countries were able to equip the men who volunteered for their armies. With all the zeal which their governments could display, the mobilization of their industries yet lagged, not from unwillingness, but from lack of forethought. Perhaps no other lesson of the great war is so impressive as its universality. In the warring countries this war and its demands sit at the table of every family, from that of the king to that of the peasant. Each is contributing his share, each is suffering his loss. The farmer is no longer growing grain merely to sell, but for the national welfare. The railways are no longer carrying passengers or freight merely for hire, but for the national defense. The soldier is no longer a tradesman in war, but is a part of the large regiment which includes his entire country, and in which each man is assigned a necessary part. So in America, if the test ever comes, the army in the field will be merely the advance guard resting on a mobilized, patriotic, industrial co-ordination. Back of it will be every factory and every workshop, every bank, and every farm, and this industrial co-ordination is as valuable to us in peace as it is in war. We now have the impulse and the opportunity to give to our daily life a National purpose. Every occupation in America now takes on a patriotic aspect. It is not merely a means of gaining a livelihood, but a contribution to the common interest. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we should know what our reliance is; that careful, continuous, scientific studies should be made of our industrial and commercial capacity and adaptation; that we should card-index our industrial strength so that we can know it and summon it into instant co-operation when needed. And very much more than that, we must gain this knowledge and arrange for this co-operation in such a fashion as to take away from it all profit in war. If the hour of trial should ever come, there must be no war stocks, no war brides, no war fortunes made out of the National danger. Nor must there be built up in America any interest which could even be suspected of preparing to profit by the creation of a National emergency. And this is not difficult to do. Business in America is patriotic. There is already inbred into it a desire to set America's name before the world as a symbol of success and fair dealing, and I have not the least doubt that every manufacturing plant in this country could be so related to a central bureau of the Government that its special usefulness in time of need would be known in advance, its wheels all ready to turn in response to the Nation's need, and its proprietors willing to forego any speculative or war profits while they made their contribution in common with

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the rest of the people in the country towards the preservation of the Nation.

The third mobilization that is necessary is spiritual. In order to make sacrifices for America we must be sure that our stake in the country justifies it. Our institutions must be so just, our arrangements so fair, that every man in this Nation will realize how completely his opportunity and that of those who come after him rest upon the continuing prosperity of the Nation as a whole.

The military mobilization will take place easily and need not be upon a magnificent scale in advance. The industrial and spiritual mobilization ought to be constant and as wide as the country.

Upon the foreign policy of the Administration I must be brief. There are two elements of it which need a word of discussion—Mexico and the European war.

The Republic of Mexico, lying south of us, was for years ruled by a dictator who operated the country in the interest of a class and left ninety per cent of the people of the nation unable to read or write. The concessions of the rich were largely privileges to enslave the poor. And finally, as in France at the time of the great Revolution, the plain people of Mexico resolved that there was nothing divine about the order which fattened the few at the cost of the many. They revolted. Deprived of education, untrained in the arts of government-making, the people of Mexico have struggled to express in institutions their idea of the rights of man. It has been very disordered, sometimes very wrong-headed, frequently characterized by counter-revolution, its leading spirits apparently suspicious of one another. But no great revolutions of the kind there in progress can be unattended by these misfortunes. Our misfortune has been that between us and these struggling people there was a border eighteen hundred miles long. Some American owners of Mexican mines, some American proprietors of Mexican concessions, some Americans who look with longing eyes on Mexico as Naboth's vineyard, have urged that we should intervene, that we should add the destructiveness of our force to the desolation which has gone on there for years.

Sometimes there has seemed to be no stable government in Mexico to which we could turn to maintain the peace of our border cities; and at present an armed force of American soldiers is on Mexican soil solely to protect the people and property of the United States from lawless aggressions until the Mexican Government can perform that duty which it owes as a neighboring nation. I cannot tell what the future may bring forth in this situation, but, for my part, I shall be most happy if the necessary security of our people can be obtained without the killing of another Mexican man, woman, or child by American arms. And those who criticise the Mexican policy of the Administration must be prepared to accept the alternative and say that their choice is to make war upon these people who have willed no act of aggression upon us, to invade their country, and to spend years in the occupation of a foreign soil, and in a toilsome effort, expensive of life and treasure, to impress our alien civilization upon these people.

Upon the European situation I shall say that it is better for the people of the United States not to be involved in that vast destruction if it can be honorably avoided, and better for humanity for the United States not to be involved, in order that when the end of the struggle comes there will be one great and persuasive Power in friendly relations with all of the belligerents, inspired only by high motives of humanity and friendship, to aid as adviser and counselor in the terms of readjustment necessary.

The course of any Administration in such circumstances would be difficult. Not only is this the greatest war in history, but it is a war involving new agencies of attack and defense—a war in which one set of countries are isolated and not unnaturally seek new means to equalize the disadvantages of that isolation. Our situation is further changed by the fact that our own relations to foreign countries, industrial and commercial, are infinitely more intimate and complicated than they were at any previous time, and our traditional isolation from European systems of politics is less insured by geographical considerations than it used to be.

The course of the Administration has been to regard itself as, in the nature of the case, a trustee, for the time being, of the rights of neutrals. It has, in the language of Senator Root, refused to concede that the invention of new ways of committing forbidden acts changed the law with relation to them. And so where mere property was involved every violation of the rights of neutrals has been followed by protest; and where life was involved—the life of our citizens—a firm demand has been made for immediate recognition of our plain and undisputed rights.

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BRIDGEPORT AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

BY MARY DEWHURST

IF the Supreme Court of the United States upholds the Oregon law which limits all labor in all industries to ten hours a day, the principle that any trade becomes a dangerous trade under excessive hours of labor will stand incorporated as part of our Constitutional theory of government. Other States may be expected to enact similar laws; but, while in the courts the judges and the lawyers are debating and determining the nice points of legal doctrines, along comes a stupendous fact, like the great war in Europe, and, without fiat or force, places the shorter working day within the eager grasp of American labor.

"If the war lasts another year, the big industries of this country will be run on an eight-hour day," so the Commissioner of Labor, Mr. Wilson, is reported to have said.

Such a prophecy is little less than astounding to those familiar with the bitter industrial struggles of the past. If such a change has come, or even if it be very near, the most startling thing about it is the quietness and ease with which it has made its way. Remember that the eight-hour day has been the bone of fiercest contention for more than a generation. Corporations have sworn, and still swear, that they will die if subjected to it. Labor has waged bloody warfare to get it—in vain. Remember that in 1877 the eight-hour men ran a locomotive forty miles an hour into the Pittsburgh roundhouses where the Pinkertons slept; that in 1885 the Chicago Haymarket tragedy resulted from urging "eight hours." And now industry is being eight-houred as peacefully as if the land were having a change of climate. Already Alaska and thirteen States have the eight-hour day in all mines, and eight States and Alaska have legislated for it in reduction works, smelters, and the like. Last year's report of the New Jersey Department of Labor showed that over 25,000 workers in twenty-four factories received for the first time the eight-hour day. The four brotherhoods of railway operatives, 450,000 men, have made a concerted demand for the standard working day; the anthracite coal-miners, 175,000 of them, made "eight hours" ne of their recent demands. Munition factories throughout the country are mostly running on a three-shift, eight-hour basis. All with as little bloodshed and violence as though a half-degree of heat had been added to the temperature or an inch to the year's normal rainfall.

If the whole land should come to the eight-hour day, it will be a very good thing or a very bad thing for these United States, which need not concern us here; but, good or bad, the growing sweep of the shorter day needs to be understood. For such study a town where the schedule is in general operation makes the best laboratory. Bridgeport, Connecticut, is such a town. For nearly a year its workers have earned their daily bread in eight hours. This is how it came about:

In 1914, when the great war broke out, Bridgeport was a typical New England manufacturing center. With the exception of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, a branch of the Remington Arms and Ammunition Company, its industries were mainly those of peace. Corsets and machinery were its staple products. For these labor was never in stringent demand, and employers could always count on surplus workers to stiffen requirements and lower the wage scale.

A year later conditions were overturned. America was flooded with war orders, and Bridgeport awoke to find itself the munition center of New England. The "Arms Company," as the Remington Corporation is called, hastily completed and put into operation there one of the greatest arms plants in the United States, the largest single factory of any kind in Connecticut, under the same general management as the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, its allied branch. On the pay-roll of the Metallic Company in 1913 had been 3,200 men. In 1916 it and the Arms Company together employed over 12,000. The town's population jumped from 102,000 in 1910 to 150,000 in 1916, with another 10,000 expected during the coming year.

With the Arms Company as pacemaker, every machine shop in the city, corporate or private, has increased its working force. The Bridgeport Brass Company, formerly busy with hub caps for automobiles, has doubled its capacity in order to fill war orders. Mills formerly urning out parts of machinery, door-knobs, or musical instruments are rushed with work on war supplies. All of Bridgeport is either making munitions, making parts of machinery to manufacture munitions, or

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making money feeding, housing, clothing, and amusing the army of laborers that overflows the town. The whole city is blown big with a war order boom. Land, houses, food, and, most of all, workers, are at a premium. Near the big factories houses are being completed at the rate of one a day. Dormitories for 4,000 women have been built by the Remington concern, and dwellings for 500 married men. It is estimated that homes for 7,000 families are needed at once.

Furnished rooms are almost impossible to obtain. Rents have increased proportionately more than wages. Machinists are most in demand and have the strongest union. In two years their membership has jumped from five hundred to three thousand, and their pay from thirty cents an hour to fifty cents. Still unsatisfied, their slogan now is for "a cent a minute"—sixty cents an hour. Unskilled labor, formerly glad of a steady wage of $10 a week, now puts on airs and swaggers off to find $15.

Full credit for this state of affairs is taken by organized labor. Employers are inclined to admit that without labor's concerted action the gains to the workers might not have been so quick or so large, but claim that such a steady succession of victories could have been brought about only by the pressure of the law of supply and demand. The full power of that law and its application to the Bridgeport situation make interesting reading.

Trouble started on July 12, 1915, with the iron-workers in the up-going Remington Arms plant, who struck against being classed and paid as carpenters. The millwrights joined them, and on July 20 the machinists in both the Arms Company and the Cartridge Company's shops voted to join the strike for increased pay, the eight-hour day, time and a half for overtime, and double for holidays and Sundays.

The general manager of the Remington plants had little means of knowing the true state of affairs—that the union leaders were doing the tallest bluffing of their careers, that hardly more than five per cent of his machinists were organized. But he did know the immense volume of the company's contracts, that millions hung on his ability to deliver the goods, and that he could not afford to haggle with his workers. On July 24 the Remington concern granted its workers the forty-eight-hour week, an increase in wages, and the three-shift, day and night, schedule.

By this time the Locomobile Company was staggering under orders for three-ton trucks for England. Unlike the Remington companies, it belonged to the local branch of the National Association of Manufacturers, an association which had publicly announced its opposition to the forty-eight-hour week. Flushed with earlier success, the machinists decided to try for victory over the Locomobile Company in order to break the solidarity of the manufacturers. To frustrate a strike, the company's managers put into operation on July 31 a profit-sharing scheme said to advance wages about thirteen per cent. Union leaders rejected this, and insisted upon eight hours with ten hours' pay. Refused by the company, it was then up to the leaders to incite and organize the men. As part of their campaign they printed and distributed free to machinists all over Bridgeport ten thousand copies of a little newspaper entitled "The Labor Leader," which carried across its face verses like these:

"We mean to make things over, we're tired of toil for naught,
We haven't enough to live on, nor even an hour for thought.
We want to feel the sunshine, we want to smell the flowers,
We know that we are worth it, and we mean to have eight hours."

These jingles, together with the arrest of three leaders for attempting to address their men at noon in a vacant lot rented by them, fired the employees of the Locomobile Company so that they organized their membership nearly one hundred per cent and went out on strike. On August 9 the company offered a choice between the bonus plan and the eight-hour day with ten hours' pay. On August 13 the men voted for the eight-hour day and returned to work.

With these victories came the capitulation of Bridgeport so far as the munition factories were concerned. True, the Manufacturers' Association met on August 14 and voted almost unanimously for the fifty-hour week, but when the Arms Company announced its willingness to employ all men blacklisted or dropped by other factories the end was in sight. Isolated strikes but served to tighten the workers' determination as, one by one, the employers went down in defeat. A partial outline as given in the "Survey" of December 4, 1915, sums up the daily strife as follows:

August 20—Six hundred Bryant Electric Company workers strike for eight-hour day and

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improved shop conditions. Turnbull Company grants a fifty-five hour week with sixty hours' pay; no strike reported. Wolverine Motor Company grants forty-eight-hour week; no strike.

August 21—Siemon Rubber Company workers strike. Connecticut Electric Company workers strike. Coulter & McKenzie Machine Company workers strike; demands granted in one hour.

August 24—Holmes & Edwards Company men return to work at fifty-five hours' pay for forty-eight hours' work. Five hundred workers out at Crane Valve Company demand $3 for eight-hour day instead of $2.50 for nine hours. American Chain Company men out. Sixty men out at Spring-Perch Company. Canfield Rubber Company workers strike for forty-eight-hour week, higher pay, and better shop conditions.

August 25—Bridgeport Metal Goods Company gives forty-eight-hour week with fifty-five hours' pay. Canfield Rubber Company grants eight-hour day. Connecticut Electric Company workers return; granted fifty-hour week with fifty-five hours' pay.

August 31—American Graphophone Company gives forty-eight-hour week and 20 per cent increase. Bryant Electric Company strike settled; workers get forty-eight-hour week with fifty-five hours' pay.

And so on, and so on, until in two and a half months fifty-five strikes were called, while in many shops strikes were prevented by prompt concessions. Net results would seem to run to an average of eight hours with the same pay as for nine or ten. Machinists and highly skilled men have done even better. Unions in all industries are the rule rather than the exception. Even the Jitney Drivers' Union grew out of Bridgeport's object-lesson in the value of organizations against individuals. In the daily papers appeared and still run advertisements reading: "WANTED—ALL-ROUND MACHINIST; FORTY-EIGHT-HOUR SHOP;" or, "MEN WANTED—EIGHT-HOUR SHOP."

While the men were fighting for eight hours in the munition factories a curiously sympathetic movement developed among the women. Union leaders have always admitted the difficulty of organizing women. They are looked on as the sluggish and inert members of the labor body. Bridgeport women hardly merit that reproach. On August 10, just after the machinists had won in the Remington and Locomobile plants, three thousand women employed at the Warner Brothers' Corset factory marched out of the buildings, down the main street to Eagle Hall, and announced that they had come to seek union organizers to show them how to win. Nearly one hundred per cent of the Warner girls struck, joined the International Association of Ladies' Garment Workers, and within three days returned to work. They had gained their forty-eight-hour week, twelve per cent increase in pay, promises that no girls under sixteen years should be employed, and a reduction of fines and thread expenses and recognition of the Union.

Although they did not know it, they had also gained for their sisters in the smaller factories the same conditions. On August 25 the Batchellor, Crown, and La Resista Corset Companies conceded the same terms. Corset-making has long been a foremost industry in Bridgeport. From this time forth the corset-makers mean to work but eight hours a day.

Following the corset workers came the strikes of the laundry women. These were brief and uniformly successful. Bridgeport now has a well-organized laundry workers' union with the highest pay and shortest hours of any city in New England.

Twenty-six thousand women returned to work during one week in Bridgeport after having won the eight-hour day. Not all of the twenty-six thousand were forced to strike. The revolt of a part made victory for all. The city's employers in every trade were obliged to meet the standard. "Have you the eight-hour day?" a customer demanded of a saleswoman at one of the largest retail stores. "Sure, we have," she beamed; "got it last summer along with the rest of the town. No, we don't have a union, but we can always leave and get a job in the Arms Company if we like."

That "job in the Arms Company" lies at the bottom of all Bridgeport's industrial conflict. The employers are always conscious of it and the workers never forget it. "The worst thing that ever happened to Bridgeport was the coming of the Remington Arms Company," declared a retired manufacturer, ex-mayor of the town. "They've completely upset the labor market, demoralized it. Why, now, when you want to hire a man, do you ask him for references and what he can do? I guess not. He makes his demands on you about time and wages and takes or leaves the job as he likes."

"Yes," broke in the banker, "things used to be all right in Bridgeport before the Remington people came here. We never had agitators marching down our streets, stirring

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up our workmen to demand double wages and short hours. They've actually offered to take on any men laid off at other plants for making trouble. I don't see what we're coming to."

"I have a letter in my pocket," said another manufacturer, "written to one of my own machinists, asking him why he kept on working long hours for poor pay, when the Arms Company stood ready to give him for eight hours more than he now earned in ten. That letter is signed by one of the Remington officials. I had to raise the wages, of course."

Along with testimony like this should be put that of the shopkeeper, that never were his accounts so numerous and so short; of the savings banks, that deposits have mounted with each month of high wages, so that every bank has had to stay open one night in the week to handle workmen's accounts; and of the amusement makers, who are coining money. Morning performances have been given at some of the "movie" houses to meet the demands of the shift which knocks off at eleven at night and goes to work at three in the afternoon. The one public library has doubled the seating capacity of its reading-room. In the morning this room is filled with husky young men who probably never were in a library at that time of the day before. For the first time in their lives a space for reading, for leisure, has occurred. It's not surprising if they are still a bit shamefaced about being seen with a book instead of a dinner-pail. "Gotta go somewhere," growled one burly workman to another, as they climbed the stairs to the reading-room. "A man can't sit in a room all day."

In support of argument in the Oregon "Ten-Hour-a-Day" case now pending before the Supreme Court there has been filed a remarkable brief which sets forth in novel language "the world's experience on which legislation limiting the hours of labor is based." In this brief it is contended that "the good effect of the shorter working day is conspicuous by the growth of temperance, which results automatically when working hours have been reduced."

The brief quotes the book of an English steel manufacturer, "The Shorter Working Day," describing the reduction of hours from twelve to eight in a manufacturing establishment in Northwich, England, as follows: "We have never had any reason to regret the change. To the men it has had the material effect of improving their health and decreasing the amount of drunkenness, which was very great indeed," and "here is positive evidence that the bane of this country, drunkenness, can be traced to the inhuman hours of labor."

Again, in commenting upon the general Australasian standard of work, the forty-eight-hour week: "It is a remarkable fact that, in spite of high wages and short hours, the consumption of spirits has greatly decreased in the colonies. Indeed, the active agitation of the publicans against the eight-hour day proves that they did not anticipate any increase in their profits through the increase in the comforts of a laboring man's life."

The brief sets forth American experience by quoting a report made to Congress by the United States Committee on Labor (1901–2) (House Report No. 1793), which confirms the argument that "the additional leisure given to labor in every instance of the shortening of the work day has resulted in a decrease of intemperance among laborers," and goes on to the flat statement that the "proposition that without variation the elimination of intemperance, poverty, pauperism, ignorance, crime, and the accompanying evils, moves parallel with and proportionate to the increase of the social opportunities of the laboring class, *stands without impeachment* of its historical accuracy."

Against this testimony Bridgeport's police force is inclined to point to the forty-one per cent increase during the first part of 1915 in arrests for crimes growing out of intemperance. Investigators place in rebuttal facts to prove that of the seven licensed dance halls in the city, in three liquor is openly sold; that none of the public school buildings is used as a community or social center; that the Young Women's Christian Association has just made an appeal for funds to increase their admittedly inadequate facilities; that the City Planning Commission has reported that with "the great increase in population there has been very little increase in park acreage;" that many workmen are unable to bring their families to the city because of lack of housing accommodations; and, finally, that up to a very recent date no action seems to have been taken to develop, either privately or from a community view-point, public recreation or to attempt the public supervision of private amusements.

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JUST FORTY

BY KATHERINE VERDERY

AT last I am forty! I awoke this morning with much the same sensations which assail a traveler whose ship has come to anchor in an unknown port overnight—all the tingling sense of adventure ahead; the eagerness to explore the unfamiliar land and verify or disprove what others have said of it; and, above all, the vivid sensation of having arrived. With the first moment of consciousness (like Mr. Browning's cryptic hero Childe Roland),

> "Burningly it came on me all at once,
> This was the place—"

the place in life's journey which in my grandmother's time was considered to be, for a spinster like myself, the end of all things; and which, with a radical swing of the pendulum of thought, is looked upon to-day as "dangerous."

Well, I feel neither done for nor dangerous. On the whole, I feel very much as I did yesterday or even last year, and the fact that I do not feel as I did at twenty is a matter for which to thank God.

To me youth was a most difficult business—a time of trying indigestions both mental and physical; of crushing disappointments and paralyzing panics; a time when the fact that my hair did not curl naturally seemed a real affliction, and when the mastery of French verbs filled me with a despair equal to that of Napoleon at Waterloo. Now my hair is showing gray here and there, which certainly relieves it of any obligation to fall in bewitching ringlets, and I have settled down into a comfortable surrender of the French language beyond the tourist's simple cry for hot water. This does not mean that personal vanity is dead within me nor ambition annihilated. Quite the contrary. But to have gained some sort of solid foundation under one's feet, some sense of proportion; to have achieved even partial tolerance and self-control—these things compensate for the flutterings and yearnings of sixteen.

Yet it cannot be denied that there is a pang when we are forced to vacate our youthful castles in Spain and take to the dusty highway of maturity; and the most beneficial growing pain is none the less a pain.

My little friend Sarah was suffering from one yesterday. She came to me with breaking voice and tearful eyes, and, sinking on my couch, announced that she had no illusions left.

"Good work!" I cried.

"Why, you horrid old thing!" she retorted. "You old cynic!"

"No," I replied, "no, my dear, whatever else I am, I am not a cynic. I was once. You can find underlined with tragic blackness in my well-thumbed copy of Owen Meredith's poems the line,

> "'My life is a torn and tattered romance,'

and the date of my twenty-third birthday is on the margin. When I was a child I cynic-ed as a child, but now I am old I have put away cynical things. My remark about your lost illusions was perhaps tactless and a bit vehement, but it came from the heart. Illusions do not get us far, and reality, like a cold bath, is stimulating and refreshing after the first heroic plunge."

"I don't like it," Sarah remonstrated. "Besides, I am growing old," she wailed, the tears returning.

"Old?" and I smiled.

"Well, near middle age," she answered, "which is worse."

"I should know," I said. "I reach it officially to-morrow."

"Does it hurt?" asked Sarah.

"A little," I confessed. "But I don't think it will be so bad to-morrow. Like a dentist appointment, it is the contemplation of its irresistible advance which unnerves one."

"What are you going to do about it?" was Sarah's next question.

"Do?" said I. "I intend to enjoy it."

"Enjoy middle age?" and Sarah's voice was incredulous.

"Why not?" I asked. "Life never seemed to me so worth while. We talk of the 'happy medium' about other things, why should not the middle of life be happy? Personally I find compensations as numerous as the stars. For one thing, I am not afraid any more. That is not much," I qualified. "The dark, for instance; as a child I was mortally afraid of it. Nothing definite, just the dark. And when I outgrew that I was afraid of the future, which, after all, is much the same thing—a vague terror of the un-

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known. I was afraid of myself, too; of making mistakes, and being misunderstood, and of this same thing which is frightening you—old age. But somehow most of those fears have evaporated. As for age, industry and optimism go far toward preventing hardening of the arteries."

"I'm not like you," said Sarah.

"A matter for congratulation," I answered, kissing her. "*You* never would have bored a guest by preaching. But console yourself with the knowledge that you have been a good Samaritan, for there is nothing so bracing to one's faltering convictions as orating about them, and mine need to be in good trim for to-morrow, you know."

"I hope you will have a happy birthday," Sarah said, warmly, as she drew on her gloves.

I was about to sit down to my solitary dinner when Bob Reynolds turned up. He said he had come to dinner if I "didn't mind," and I didn't mind. We had to do a loaves and fishes miracle with my two chops, since "man does not live by bread alone."

After dinner Bob told me, between puffs of his cigar, what he had really come for. It was not my dinner. He was troubled—one of the vital crises of life. We talked as only old friends can, freely and without reserves.

It seems strange to me now to remember how intolerant I used to be of Emerson because his essay on "Friendship" is so much more eloquent than the one on "Love," but, with all his New England chill, he knew a thing or two. "A friend is a person before whom I may think aloud." Many lovers cannot claim as much. Between Bob and me there has been that sort of friendship for many years. He stayed late, and when he rose to go he looked less worn than when he came.

"Thanks awfully," he said, squaring his shoulders. "I've got my second wind now. I came to you because I knew you would understand."

To understand! After all, isn't that one of the things we are here for? We learn slowly and often painfully, and there are times when we fail altogether. When we do not, it is a matter for humble rejoicing.

I took Bob's words to bed with me as I used to take some treasure of my childhood. It is always cheering to feel a nice gift under one's pillow!

While I slept the "gobelins" didn't "git" me, but my fortieth birthday did. The milkman, pursuing his temperate vocation, woke me. Jumping up, I ran to my mirror. Yes, there I was—the same ME. True, the reflection was different from that of twenty or even ten years back—whether more or less attractive gives me little concern. What does concern me is the fact that on no other birthday of my life has the sun seemed to shine with so great a radiance or the sky to be so deep a blue. Never before has all nature appeared so fair and so significant, nor humanity, with all its stumbling, so full of brave endeavor. The whole world, notwithstanding its complexity and its suffering, is an infinitely greater and more beautiful place to me than it was in my dreamy girlhood, and I think the reason is that my vision has been made clear by many tears.

THE TIES BETWEEN AMERICA AND FRANCE

THIRTEEN years ago, at Washington, a new French Ambassador presented his credentials. He describes the event thus:

This day, thirteen years ago, a new French Ambassador presented his credentials. The Ambassador was not very old for an Ambassador. The President was very young for a President, the youngest, in fact, the United States ever had. Both, according to custom, read set speeches, and there followed a first conversation, which had a great many successors, touching on a variety of subjects not connected, all of them, with diplomacy, in which talk took part the genial, learned, and warm-hearted author of the "Pike County Ballads" and of the "Life of Lincoln," present at the meeting as Secretary of State of the United States. This was the first direct impression the newcomer had of broad-minded, strenuous America, his earliest ones as a child having been derived from the illustrated weekly paper received by his family, and which offered to view fancy pictures of the battles between the bearded soldiers of Grant and Lee, the "poilus" of those days; another impression was from Cooper's tales, "Deerslayer" sharing with

[1] With Americans of Past and Present Days. By J. J. Jusserand. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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"Ivanhoe" the enthusiasm of the young people at the family hearth. Another American impression was received by them a little later, when, the Republic having been proclaimed, the street where the family had their winter home ceased to be called "Rue de la Reine" and became "Rue Franklin."

So writes M. Jean Jules Jusserand, who has lived among us for thirteen years. In memory of former times, he dedicates his latest book to the thirteen original States.

It is a book about past rather than about present times and persons; hence we may not expect to find (what every one who knows him would want to find) much of its author's rare personality. Moreover, it is largely made up of more or less formal addresses. Its impact lies in its emphasis on the peculiar ties of the past between France and America. As we review them, we must instinctively say to ourselves, as does M. Jusserand to us, that, with similar hard problems to solve, a similar goal lies ahead of both Republics. With such a present and such a past, why should not these countries always be of help to one another when circumstances allow? For instance, during France's present trials, as the Ambassador notes, "the active generosity of American men and women has exerted itself in a way that can never be forgotten."

The title of the book reads: "With Americans of Past and Present Days." Now when any one more interested in present than past days reads this title he may turn to the very end of the book so as to see what M. Jusserand has to say about this very present strenuous time. Then, as nearest of any other subject to our own day, he may turn to the penultimate chapter on Dr. Furness, and then to those preceding, and, going back thus, he comes to the chapters on Washington and his French contemporaries.

The reader may thus have begun by a greater interest in the present than in the past. But he may end by a greater interest in the past than in the present. For, no matter how valuable it may be for us to read the opinion of such an accomplished and acute observer of affairs as is the French Ambassador at Washington, we must remember that his literary reputation rests chiefly on his services in interpreting the Shakespearean age in a succession of volumes which constitute a standard work on that subject. In his present book M. Jusserand interprets for us a later age—that of the American Revolution—with a sharpness of outline and yet with an atmosphere such as one may not find elsewhere.

The first name of that period to stand high in Franco-American reminiscences is assuredly that of Benjamin Franklin. We are glad that M. Jusserand includes in his volume the text of the speech of Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, in presenting the Franklin Medal, in the course of which he said:

> We feel a little closer to you of France because of what you were to Franklin. Before the resplendence and charm of your country's history—when all the world does homage to your literature, your art, your exact science, your philosophic thought—we smile with pleasure, for we feel, if we do not say: "Yes, these are old friends of ours; they were very fond of our Ben Franklin and he of them."
>
> Made more appreciative, perhaps, by what France did for us when this old philosopher came to you, a stranger, bearing the burdens of our early poverty and distress, we feel that the enormous value of France to civilization should lead every lover of mankind, in whatever land, earnestly to desire the peace, the prosperity, the permanence, and the unchecked development of your national life.

Of all the chapters in this volume, that on Washington and the French will doubtless have a particularly strong appeal. We read of Washington's early prejudices:

> He resisted longer than old Franklin, and with a stiffer pen than that of the Philadelphia sage he would note down his persisting suspicions and his reluctance to admit the possibility of generous motives inspiring the French nation's policy: "I have from the first," he wrote in 1777, to his brother John, "been among those few who never built much upon a French war. I never did, and still do think they never meant more than to give us a kind of underhand assistance; that is, to supply us with arms, etc., for our money and trade." . . .
>
> Even after France alone had recognized the new nation and she had actually begun war on England, Washington remained unbending; his heart would not melt. "Hatred of England," he wrote, "may carry some into an excess of confidence in France. . . . I am heartily disposed to entertain the most favorable sentiments of our new ally and to cherish them in others to a reasonable degree. But it is a maxim founded on the universal experience of mankind that no nation is to be trusted farther than it is bound by its interest, and no prudent statesman or politician will venture to depart from it."

Up to the time when Rochambeau arrived, so M. Jusserand informs us, Washing-

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ton had seen only isolated specimens of the French race. He had not seen that race in action. But from the time of Rochambeau's arrival with his five thousand troops Washington's view began to change. As M. Jusserand says: "Little by little Washington's heart was won. We did not in that war conquer any land for ourselves, but we conquered Washington."

And now that the Republic in France has already lasted nearly half a century there seems only an increase of understanding and friendship between the two republican nations, cemented by a feeling for Washington.

It is not at all surprising that the character of his great countryman Rochambeau attracts M. Jusserand, for it attracts every one. One has but to read such sentences as these to realize Rochambeau's personal magnanimity:

The victors pitied Cornwallis and showed him every consideration; Rochambeau, learning that he was without money, lent him all he wanted. He invited him to dine with him and his officers. . . . "Lord Cornwallis," writes Closen, "especially distinguished himself by his reflective turn of mind, his noble and gentle manners."

Cornwallis realized quite well that the French had fought for a cause dear to their hearts more than from any desire to humble him or his nation. He publicly rendered full justice to the enemy, acknowledging that the fairest treatment had been awarded him by them. In the final report, in which he gives his own account of the catastrophe and which he caused to be printed when he reached England, he said: "The kindness and attention that has been shown us by the French officers, . . . their delicate sensibility of our situation, their generous and pressing offers of money, both public and private, to any amount, has really gone beyond what I can possibly describe, and will, I hope, make an impression on the breast of every British officer whenever the fortunes of war should put any of them in our power."

In visiting Rochambeau's grave it occurred to M. Jusserand that, in commemoration of the French marshal's friendship with Washington, trees from Mount Vernon might be transplanted to the cemetery in France. It is gratifying to know that this idea has been realized.

Of Pierre L'Enfant we also have a vivid characterization. Of course every one is familiar with the plan of Major L'Enfant for the laying out of the city of Washington, but not every one is familiar with his objection to the plain rectangular plan at first proposed, a regular assemblage of houses laid out in squares forming streets all parallel and uniform.

This might be good enough, L'Enfant declared, "on a well-level plain, where, no surrounding object being interesting, it becomes indifferent which way the opening street may be directed." But the case is quite different with the future Federal city. "Such regular plans, however answerable they may appear on paper, . . . become at last tiresome and insipid, and it could never be, in its origin, but a mean continence of some cool imagination wanting a sense of the really grand and truly beautiful, only to be met where nature contributes with art and diversifies the objects."

M. Jusserand grimly adds: "We may imagine what his feelings would be if he saw in our days the steam-shovel busy around the city, dumping as many hills as possible into as many vales, and securing a maximum platitude."

Finally we come swiftly to the present day, and read these lines concerning the war:

Germany, who had prevented, at the first conference to The Hague, anything being done toward a limitation of armaments as proposed by Russia, suddenly, in full peace, when other nations were inclined to think that they were rather too much armed than not enough, passed a law increasing in a prodigious degree her military forces. On this move . . . the former President of the French delegation at The Hague, M. Léon Bourgeois, wrote in May, 1913, little more than a year before the present war, a noteworthy letter, in which we read:

"One fact strikes us most painfully and might at first disturb our minds. The bills presently submitted to the Reichstag are going to increase in a formidable manner the armaments of Germany, and to necessitate on the part of France an extraordinary effort, and sacrifices to which we must manfully and promptly consent. . . . No one more than myself deplores that folly of armaments to which Europe is yielding, and I do not forget that it was I who, in 1899, at the first Hague Conference, drew up and defended the resolution in favor of a limitation of the military load weighing on the world. But I do not forget either what I said before the Senate in 1907, after the second conference: 'As for us, confirmed partisans of arbitration and peace, *disarmament is a consequence, not a preparation*. For disarmament to be possible one must first feel that one's right is secure. The security of right is what must be organized, first of all. Behind that rampart alone nations will be able to lay down their arms."

"Security of right" drew France into war in 1780. And "security of right" drew her into war in 1914.

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A SONG OF YOUNG THINGS

BY H. C. R.

We regret that we do not know the author of this poem. It was recently sent to Theodore Roosevelt as a token of the writer's admiration for Mr. Roosevelt's espousal and expounding of Americanism, and because the writer believes that Mr. Roosevelt is not merely interested in politics, but "appreciates all life." We have obtained Mr. Roosevelt's permission to pass it along to our readers, because it is so refreshing a picture of an American country road in the month of May.—THE EDITORS.

A luminous day! Come, forget everything,
And jaunt through the country crudescent with spring!

Blue sky and soft wind, and the fields newly green,
Trees reverd with young leaves, tender red all between.
Oh, how vivid the air and how pungent the breeze!
What a ravishing whiff from the crab-apple trees!
Here's an upsloping farm like a picture outspread,
And a team plowing furrows in rich browns and red;
Now we're passing by orchards of burgeoning bloom,
Great roseate masses, of freshest perfume!
That wild plum by the road wears its frail misty white
With thorny aloofness, but orioles light
There to swing and to nest, and bobolinks fling
Their exhilarant trills from its tip every spring!
And beetle and butterfly—many a thing
Of earth's myriad life has hatched out there this spring!

There are colts in that pasture! And lambs—how they skip!
In that fence corner cuddle wee pigs! Now we dip,
And the slough and the low woods more new life unfold:
Pussy-willow, hepatica, marsh marigold,
Yes, and little black pigs! Let me stop! But we rise,
See cattle on hilltops against the deep skies.
What a fine herd of Holsteins, in sharp white and black!
And clumsy young calves, still bedazed, in their track!
Chickens, colts, lambs, and goslings, and birds on the wing—
Oh, how *many* young things have been born just this spring!

We just dodge some ducklings, and beholed near the road
Is a litter of pink and white pigs snugly stowed.
Oh, wait! Let me hold them! Oh, don't go so fast!
I *never have* held them! This year, like the last,
We never do stop! And how many springs
May be left to adore and to cuddle young things?
Oh, I find nothing lasts! So how many springs
But this one may be mine to exult in young things?
Things that toddle and trot, things that leap, fly, and sing!
All the many young things that are born every spring!

Menasha, Wisconsin, June 2, 1916.

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THE READER'S VIEW

ONE WAY TO GO TO SLEEP

Not long since you presented in your pages an interesting remedy for insomnia, but it required a slowly attained physical exhaustion before the purpose could be realized. It seemed to me that very many, already physically exhausted, might be unable to benefit by that method, and for such I beg leave to offer one discovered entirely by accident. Being frequently a victim of wakefulness, I had come to accept it as a matter of course, and, realizing on one occasion that a sleepless night lay before me, as my best scheme for passing the wearisome, slow-dragging hours I began reviewing Mrs. Burnett's delightful novel, "T. Tembarom," which I had recently read and re-read with great enjoyment.

I began at the beginning, trying to picture vividly in imagination every incident and scene in the early life of the little waif. I had proceeded but a little way when attention seemed suddenly to have lapsed. My first feeling was that of indignation and disgust at being unable to follow the story, my next that of astonishment on discovering that the time was broad day instead of midnight, and that I had just awoke from seven hours of refreshing, dreamless sleep. The following night, eager to test my newly found specific, I picked up the story where I had dropped it the night before, with the same result, and now no longer dread the slow march of sleepless hours. On the slightest indications of wakefulness I joyfully resort to the record of T. T.'s experiences, beginning where I last ended—for after two years or more I have not been able to complete the book.

I will not attempt to explain the psychology involved in this incident, nor recommend this especial book as the sole means of securing the end sought. There are doubtless many books of equally absorbing and not exciting interest that may meet the purpose, but I trust the bare facts as given may prove suggestive and helpful to some reader of your magazine.

Denver, Colorado. H. M. W.

THE OLD NEWGATE PRISON

In an article in The Outlook for May 10 on "The Old Way of Dealing with Criminals" reference is made to Newgate Prison, near Granby in Connecticut, which reference would be much improved by revision. Having long been familiar with Old Newgate and its history, I am moved to ask why a writer wishing to make a strong impression cannot be content with the simple facts?

Phelps's "Newgate of Connecticut," published in 1860 and written by a man who had been for many years familiar with the life of the prison and who himself had progressive and fairly modern ideas as to the treatment of criminals, has some information for us here. I quote:

"The caverns have generally been extremely favorable to the health and longevity of the occupants. It is a curious fact that many of the convicts, having previously taken the itch or other loathsome diseases while confined in the county jails, which were very filthy, on being for a few weeks kept in the caverns at night *entirely recovered;* and it is perhaps still more strange that those who came apparently in health generally had for a short time cutaneous eruptions which appeared to work out of their blood."

These caverns, it should be said, had good ventilation through two air-shafts, possessed a well of splendid water that is in use to-day, and a temperature that was very even. A visitor in 1807 noted their humidity and that the straw of the bunks was damp, but was assured by the officers in charge that this was "attributable to the remarkable wetness of the season," and that "the cells were in general dry and were found favorable to the health of the prisoners." This writer also speaks of a hospital neat and airy, but without a single patient.

It should also be said that outside of regular hours of prison labor the inmates had opportunity given them to work for the people of the neighborhood, and that in this way some of them laid up considerable sums of money, besides obtaining many luxuries in the way of food and drink. In fact, it was charged that the treatment of the prisoners was often too lenient. (Rev.) Bert F. Case.

Tolland, Conn.

[The description of Newgate Prison to which our correspondent takes exception was quoted verbatim from John Bach McMaster's "History of the United States," which is a generally recognized historical authority. Whether the description which our correspondent quotes from Mr. Phelps is more accurate or not we do not know. If so, it lightens but it does not materially modify the indictment which such a treatment of criminals furnishes against the old methods of dealing with crime.—The Editors.]

A SUGGESTION TO THE HAGUE

The present conflict has made only too obvious the defects of international law in regulating the methods of carrying on war. It seems as though a state of warfare created conditions which rendered all attempts to regulate it extremely imperfect. International law as it exists at present is handicapped with inherent defects which it is impossible entirely to eradicate, and at best can only be ameliorated: *Inter arma leges silent.*

The submarine controversy has produced an

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issue which severely tests the efficiency of modern international law. Germany urges the plea of necessity, contending that it is paramount to every other consideration. Her under-sea craft cannot comply with the letter of the law as laid down and generally accepted and preserve their effectiveness. A passenger ship carrying munitions of war cannot be held in check by a small under-sea boat except by the methods employed. It cannot be captured and towed into port and treated as a prize. Its innocent passengers, relying upon the usages of warfare as they were formerly understood, are involved in a common hazard with the cargo. The law on this subject was made to apply to conditions existing at the time of its adoption. The German Government employs the same rules of construction respecting international law that would be accepted by the courts when interpreting the common law. When the courts interpret the statute law, the rules of construction are different. No court can adopt a rule of construction that would amount to a repealer of the law. The practice is different in dealing with the common law; the court looks more into the reason and cause of the law, and is not averse to acting on the axiom that where the reason of the law fails the law is nullified. When this latitude is allowed to interested parties, acting in a judicial capacity, it is easy to see how frightfully this method of construing the law can be abused.

The best solution of this difficulty, assuming that "the pen is mightier than the sword," would be to adopt a rule of construction, based upon general consent, that no nation shall be allowed to ignore any positive rule of international law on the plea of necessity or of explaining away its provisions on the ground that they no longer apply to present conditions.

Direct and open defiance of public opinion, in spite of appearances to the contrary, is becoming more perilous. Any change that will deprive the offending party of the chance of evasion tends to strengthen the law by inflicting upon the head of the offending party general condemnation which may find more substantial backing in the future than merely censure.

COLEMAN RANDOLPH.

Morristown, New Jersey.

TURKEY'S TREATMENT OF THE ARMENIANS

In Mr. Davenport's article in The Outlook on "President Wilson's Foreign Policy" our Government is represented as saying, in regard to its treatment of the Armenians: "We did all we could. We made protests. We got Germany to protest. . . . Of course, there is a measure of excuse, not for the massacre, but for the policy of the Turkish Government, which was to remove the Armenians from the immediate seat of war. *Other countries would have done the same thing*, but in an entirely different way."

Did Germany protest? In a certain way and form, indeed; but why did her military officers have an important part in directing the soldiers who did the business? Did our Government know whom it was dealing with when it secured the "protest"?

Would "other countries" have taken away from their homes, where at best they could obtain only a scanty subsistence, a hundred thousand families, non-combatants, with the fewest exceptions, as innocent of offenses against the Government under which they were living as a newly born child, consisting in large part of mothers with their little children, and those who were soon to be mothers—would "other countries," the United States, for example, have done this, even if done in the best way possible? It would have been impossible to do such a thing without involving those "removed" in a great deal of suffering, together with the certainty that they would be left without support, left to die, after reaching any new home. Is any one innocent enough to suppose that a million of people were removed from the "immediate seat of war" for their own safety? Would any other nation, if it happened to be at war with Turkey, have adopted such a measure? Although some Armenians, if opportunity offered, would have joined Turkey's foes (justly indeed, though unwisely), was a whole nation of people to be taken out of their homes, and thus left inevitably, for the most part, to perish, although this were done "in an entirely different way"?

The world has rarely before, if ever, looked upon a crime so fiendish in its conception, so gigantic in its extent, so awful in its frightfulness and its cruelty, so sure ultimately of fatal results, as this attempted blotting out of an entire people whose ancestors had lived in the same quiet homes long before the Turks thought of seizing them for themselves.

We, one of the largest and richest Christian nations in the world, having every comfort, living largely at ease and in luxury, have for the space of a year looked with commendable calmness upon this before unheard-of procedure, and "have done what we could." But has the world heard of so much as our officially spoken opinion of it?

Norwich, Connecticut. JOHN OTIS BARROWS.

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BY THE WAY

A subscriber asks, "What globe-trotter has made the quickest trip around the world?" John Henry Mears, of the New York Evening "Sun," at present holds the record. Traveling east from New York City in 1913, he crossed the Russian Empire by the Siberian Railway and reached New York again in 35 days 21 hours and 35 minutes. In 1911 André Jaeger-Schmidt made the trip in 39 days; George Francis Train, in 1890, made it in 67 days; Nellie Bly, 1889, in 72 days; Captain Seymour, 1876, in 117 days; Magellan expedition, 1519–22, in three years.

During a recent will contest a witness was asked if he understood the meaning of the term "residuary estate." He answered, "It is what is left after the lawyers get through." The dictionary definition is: "The residue of an estate after all the specific purposes of the testator expressed in the will are carried into effect."

The Old Bowery Theater in New York is to give way to the march of trade. This was the first playhouse in the city to be lighted by gas; it saw the first appearance of Edwin Forrest as a tragedian, and Charlotte Cushman's début as Lady Macbeth, while Malibran, the famous operatic singer, made her last American appearance here. Of late years it has been the home of Yiddish theatrical productions.

"When the Danmark started to sink, Captain Murrell threw his cargo into the sea and every one of the 733 passengers and crew of the Danmark was taken aboard his ship." This was in 1889; Captain Murrell's recent death brings the incident again into the papers. Prince Bismarck wrote a personal letter of commendation to Captain Murrell for his act, the King of Denmark conferred the order of knighthood on him, and an English artist, Hemy, made the rescue the subject of a picture, "And Every Soul Was Saved."

The statue of Horace Greeley, which for forty years has looked upon Printing House Square, New York City, in front of the "Tribune" building, has been moved to the northeast corner of City Hall Park. The change of location was necessary because of traffic exigencies, but the statue is still within sight of the famous editor's former haunts.

A New York hotel, according to an article in the "American Magazine," pays $10,000 a year extra in wages to its employees to get rid of tips. It claims to have effectually rid itself of this nuisance.

Senator Pittman, of Nevada, in introducing an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill to promote the breeding of horses suitable for army purposes, paid this indirect tribute to the fine mounts of the New York City traffic squad: "We have so neglected the protection of pure blood in the medium and lightweight horses that to-day the New York Police Department has to search the country to get seventy-five horses annually of the style desired."

A writer in "Popular Mechanics" urges the building of small submarine boats for defensive purposes. These he would make of such a size that they could be transported by railway, on special trucks, to any part of the country that might need them for defense. Half a dozen such craft, he says, could be built for the cost of one large boat, and could fire torpedoes with equal effect.

Teamsters and chauffeurs are becoming pals in New York. A poster announces the "Picnic of the Teamsters and Chauffeurs Local No. 553, I. B. of T., C., S. & H., affiliated with A. F. of L." That is, the Independent Brotherhood of—what?

A Cleveland manufacturer who had difficulty in hiring boys for his plant because, as he said, most boys are looking for "white collar jobs," now solves his difficulty by "catching 'em póor." He explains this by saying that he now employs only those boys whose families are "up against it." This new crop of apprentices, he says, haven't any foolish notions, and he expects to develop most of them into first-class mechanics.

Military rifles, says an expert, drive their bullets at speeds of 2,000 to 3,000 feet per second. Consequently they travel much faster than sound, which has a speed of only 1,100 feet a second. If a soldier is hit, he may not hear the report. But he will probably hear the "vicious and menacing crash" of the arriving bullet. Phonetically the two sounds are described as "*pack—punk*." The first is the bullet arriving with its regards to its victim; the second sound is the report of the rifle, which follows along some distance behind the bullet—arriving nearly a second later if the distance is 1,000 yards.

A popular juvenile paper says that it does not want any more stories about good boys who follow father's or mother's advice and succeed thereby; about boys who meet bad fortune through disobedience; about the boy who works for a stingy employer and wins promotion through faithfulness; about boys who give up an opportunity of winning a prize because of other boys who need it more than they do, etc. These themes have been overworked, it asserts. Instead, it wants stories describing (1) short incidents; (2) brave boys; (3) successful boys; (4) popular science for boys; (5) occupations for boys. It seems from this list that romanticism has to some extent lost its hold on the boy reader.

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